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The Shape of Things

THE PRESENCE IN THE NEW BOLIVIAN government of two or three democratic officials and its various pronouncements in favor of pan-American unity have been taken in some quarters as hopeful signs that the latest Latin American putsch was not primarily a rightist affair. We believe such hopes are ill-founded. No Bolivian regime can survive long without the recognition of the United States, and almost any concession will be made to win it. But promises and even executive decrees will be worthless as long as the real power lies in the hands of the fascists and Nazi sympathizers who staged the recent revolt and make up the majority in the Paz Estenssoro regime. As we pointed out last week, the chief inspiration for the coup was in Argentina's pro-Axis government, which is doing all it can, directly and through Phalangist and other Axis agencies, to further the spread of fascism in Latin America. There is only one force strong enough to offset the influence of Argentina—the United States. But to counter the pro-Axis maneuvers of the Ramirez dictatorship, our State Department would have to adopt, belatedly, the policy we have steadily urged upon it: it would have to cooperate as actively with liberal and left elements in Latin America as the Axis has done with the reactionaries. This means a sharp reversal of traditional practices. In Bolivia, for example, we should have to support the very elements which we alienated and outraged a year ago by our Minister's intervention in behalf of the mine owners. It is hard to believe that Mr. Hull and his advisers will suddenly develop the courage and imagination to engage in effective political warfare in Latin America. They prefer to leave that sort of vulgar business to the Nazis.

★

THE BRITISH HOME FLEET HAD LONG BEEN waiting for the opportunity that arrived "in the half-light of the Arctic dawn" the day after Christmas, and it was no mere chance that led to its triumph. Many previous efforts had been made to lure the Scharnhorst into action, but the wary German commander had refused to be tempted out of his safe Norwegian anchorage. This time he fell for the bait—a juicy convoy bound for northern Russia, seemingly guarded only by a cruiser escort of inferior hitting power to the 26,000-ton German battleship. The Scharnhorst made contact con-

fidently, but for all that they were outgunned, the British cruisers nipped at her heels so successfully that eventually she turned and ran for her base, with the British in pursuit. Meanwhile the big and fast battleship—the Duke of York—which had been steaming through the fog some distance behind the convoy changed course and neatly intercepted the Scharnhorst. That was the end of the last heavy German warship that remained in action and of a serious threat that had kept many British fighting ships on monotonous guard duty in the North Sea. The good news was followed in a few days by reports of another engagement in the Bay of Biscay, in which at least three Nazi destroyers and a blockade-running freighter were sent to the bottom. Both these victories have an important bearing on the coming invasion of the Continent, for they diminish the Nazi power to interfere with either transatlantic convoys or cross-Channel traffic. The German surface fleet has long had only a nuisance value, and it is now no more than a minor nuisance.

✱

GENERAL EISENHOWER—A CAUTIOUS MAN—has promised victory in Europe in 1944 provided everyone at the front and behind it does his or her duty. The New York *Daily News* has demurred on the ground that this is too much to expect. Perhaps Publisher Patterson's conscience is troubling him, for certainly his own chief contribution to victory has been the sowing of doubt and dissent. He has, for instance, supported Senator Wheeler's statistical approach to strategy. The Senator has heard gossip that the proportion of Americans to Britons in the invasion forces will be three to one and has registered a loud protest. Naturally the exact ratio is a military secret, but we would remind the Senator and his journalistic supporters that British losses in this war are several times ours; that even in fighting Japan British casualties have almost certainly outnumbered ours; that while we have regarded Salerno as a wholly American victory we now learn that the initial landing on that bloody beach was made by two British divisions and one American. Lay down that adding-machine, Senator! It is such calculations as yours that help to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

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THE MAGAZINE *ESQUIRE* HAS BEEN DENIED second-class mailing privileges by an order of Postmaster General Frank C. Walker which appears to us completely indefensible. After prolonged hearings on the question of whether or not some of the matter published by the magazine was obscene, a three-man Post Office trial board recommended by a majority that the privilege be not revoked. Thereupon Mr. Walker, apparently determined to "get" *Esquire*, took action on the ground that it failed to meet the requirements of being "originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or

some special industry." Now it is arguable that the second-class mailing privilege, which is in effect a subsidy, has been over-extended, but the words of the statute should not suddenly be strictly applied to one publication while others which fail far more egregiously to satisfy the definition quoted above are undisturbed. If mailing rights are to be denied to *Esquire* on these grounds, how can they be justified for the dozens of "pulp" and "comics" which now enjoy them? This ruling by the Postmaster General is censorship of the most arbitrary kind, and we hope that the whole press will back *Esquire* strongly in challenging it in the federal courts.

✱

IN AN ARTICLE CALLED THE G-STRING Conspiracy by its Washington editor, *The Nation* drew attention on July 26, 1941, to the particularly unfair and ludicrous character of the indictments obtained by the Department of Justice against a group of Trotskyite labor men in Minneapolis. These men have since been acquitted of seditious conspiracy, a charge involving acts rather than opinions, but have been convicted under the Smith Alien and Sedition Law of 1940, which makes the mere utterance of revolutionary doctrines a crime. The Department of Justice contended and the lower courts agreed that it was unnecessary to prove that these utterances constituted any "clear and present danger." In doing so they set aside the doctrine developed by Holmes and Brandeis to put sharp limits on prosecutions for opinion in time of war. The shocking thing about this case is that the utterance occurred before Pearl Harbor, and conviction was obtained under our first peace-time sedition law since 1798. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court has twice refused to grant a review of the Minneapolis convictions, with the result that the "clear-and-present-danger" doctrine, long applied by state courts as settled law in civil-liberties cases, is in danger of going into the discard. With the backing of the Civil Liberties Union, a new petition for a hearing has been made.

✱

WE HOPE THAT ATTORNEY GENERAL BIDDLE will use the "hardship-cases" provision of the Alien Registration Act of 1940 to suspend the deportation order against Raissa Irene Browder, wife of the Communist leader, Earl Browder. Mrs. Browder entered the country from Canada illégally in 1933. Late in 1939 her husband applied for an immigration visa permitting her to go to Canada and reenter legally. This was denied by the well-known Visa Division of the State Department. The petition was followed within a few months by the issuance of a warrant for her arrest and deportation. This came shortly after proceedings had been begun against Browder, then running for President on the Communist ticket. The Browder prosecution was political, based on the most fine-spun of technicalities in the

field of passport law. Mrs. Browder's case bore all the earmarks of political persecution of a particularly vindictive kind. Action by Biddle would wipe the slate clean. Mrs. Browder is married to an American and has three American children. Under the 1940 act the Attorney General is authorized in such cases to suspend deportation action and permit the wife, husband, or parent of Americans to begin naturalization proceedings. It is true that under the law Congress may object within thirty days of any such act of clemency. But this is a risk that Biddle should take. *

ART YOUNG WOULD BE AMUSED IF HE COULD read the comments of the "capitalist press" on his personality, his art, and his politics. He was a lovable soul and a good artist, so the line goes, *in spite of* his "heterodox" opinions—heterodox being a euphemism for Socialist. We should not go so far as to say that Art was a lovable man and a fine artist *because* he was a Socialist, but we do protest that his personality, his politics, and his art were all of a piece. All flowed from the central spring of integrity, intelligence, and love which never failed and which was kept sweet by his gusto for life and a sense of humor as deep as it was broad. And the clean simple line characterized them all. Many of Art Young's wonderful drawings appeared in *The Nation*. Next week we shall reproduce some of them, as well as a comment on Art Young as an artist, a humorist, and that *rara avis* a permanent Socialist. *

A NEW OUTBREAK OF ANTI-SEMITISM IN certain parts of New York City, notably the Washington Heights section and areas in lower Brooklyn, is revealed in a report of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and affidavits collected by local newspapers. The evidence shows not only widespread desecration of Protestant churches and Jewish synagogues but numerous assaults on Jewish children by gangs of boys from ten to fifteen years of age. In a few instances Jewish adults have been attacked by older boys. The police have chosen to minimize the incidents, dismissing them as minor manifestations of the current wave of juvenile delinquency. This is not an adequate explanation. Offenses of all sorts by young people are on the increase, but the nature of these attacks indicates that they represent a definite tendency. Behind them one can clearly see the anti-Semitism of certain well-organized fascist groups known to be strongly entrenched in the particular districts where the trouble arose. The uprooting of this dangerous un-American attitude is a long-range job which the schools, churches, and civic agencies of all types must resolutely shoulder. Meanwhile the responsibility for checking these outrages rests squarely upon the police. The past association of many policemen with the Christian Front and similar organizations and the recent white-

washing of Patrolman James L. Drew suggest that one reason these anti-Semitic outbreaks have not been stopped is the indifference of many members of the police force. The situation is serious enough to call for a thorough investigation of the police department's efforts, or lack of efforts, to check the attacks on Jewish children, and for a reinvestigation of the Drew case to find what pressures were brought to bear to allow that notorious anti-Semite to remain on the force.

What Labor Must Remember

THE growing crisis in the ranks of labor has as yet caused far more excitement in the headlines than disruption in industry. November, 1943, was a comparatively bad month, with twice as many workers on strike and twice as many man-days lost as in November, 1941, just before Pearl Harbor. But even so, idleness due to strikes amounted to little more than one-third of 1 per cent of available working time, and 87 per cent of the idleness was due to the coal strike. The surrender to John L. Lewis in that strike made it very difficult for Philip Murray any longer to hold the steel workers in line; their wages have many industrial and traditional links with those of the miners. The steel strike was nipped in its beginnings by a promise to make any wage rise retroactive, and the Administration seems to be striving, by revision of the official cost-of-living index, both to give the steel workers an increase and to keep the Little Steel formula in effect.

The manner in which the railroads were "taken over" by the government will not tend to lessen the dissatisfaction of railroad workers. They feel that they have a raise coming to them from roads earning the greatest profits in their history. But while the British railroads under government war-time control are limited to average pre-war earnings, "governmental control" here is little more than a semantic gesture to end a strike. Railroad officials have merely been put into uniform, and the Presidential order taking over the roads provides that the private companies shall otherwise carry on as usual.

We cannot help feeling that part of the blame for the threatened railroad strike rests on the failure of War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes and the managements to put into effect the President's promise of last May to give the workers in the forty-eight-hour week railroad industry the overtime privileges enjoyed by other workers under the forty-hour law. And we think the non-operating unions, which include some of the lowest-paid workers in American industry, are right in insisting that arbitration of their overtime demands

should leave untouched the recent four-to-ten-cents-an-hour increase given them by Economic Stabilization Director Vinson.

The press, which is generally anti-labor, and some anti-labor officials have seized upon the unrest in labor's ranks to mobilize public opinion against the trade-union movement. Editors who looked on in indifference or approval at the succession of steps by which big business slowed up the war effort bring out their tallest headlines for the strikes. We wonder who was the "high Washington authority" who declared that the threatened railroad strike and the threatened steel strike had prolonged the war six months. This was both mendacious and malicious. The explanation given by this high authority, whoever he was, was far-fetched and incapable of proof. He said news of the threatened strikes would prolong the war by keeping Hungary, Bulgaria, Croatia, and Rumania in the conflict. That is dangerous nonsense. Such statements and recent scare headlines about the use of troops to man the roads embitter railroad labor, which was pledged not to strike against the government and had no intention of doing so.

However unfair the attacks upon it, labor needs more than ever to retain a sense of perspective. Labor's grievances are genuine enough: huge war profits, rising prices, the dilatory procedures of the War Labor Board, the tricky conduct of some members of the Administration, the greedy lobbies against subsidies and price control in Congress, the President's failure to take the offensive against them in his effort to hold down the cost of living. But labor must also consider the super-human difficulties under which the President operates, and the fact that the line on profits, taxes, and living costs has been held better in this war than in the last. It must remember that a general revision of wages upward will only put "a baloney dollar" in workers' pay envelopes.

We ask members of labor unions to consider long and seriously the effect on the armed forces of current labor alarms. We ask them to remember that many soldiers are working and fighting under such conditions as can hardly be envisaged by any of us at home, and to remember always that they are fighting a movement designed utterly to crush and enslave labor. We ask trade unionists to imagine the reactions of men in New Guinea or Italy who hear of strikes at home, to consider the hostile attitude toward labor with which many will return from the front, to recall the role such animosity on the part of war veterans played in the rise of fascism abroad. We ask them to lift themselves for a moment above their grievances, their long-standing wage disputes and irritations, and consider whether there is involved anything as important as the good-will of the soldier and the respect of the public. On these may depend the security of the labor movement after the war

and of free government with it. Every worker owes it to himself to think of these things, and to think, too, of his obligation to his country and to his comrades in uniform at the start of what will certainly be the bloodiest year of the war.

Wages and Living Costs

ALTHOUGH the mine strike and some of the rail demands were settled, technically at least, within the limits of the Little Steel formula, any increase in steel wages will almost certainly require some adjustment in the formula which has governed wages for the past eighteen months. From the point of view of simple justice it would seem that a revision of the formula is long overdue. Since the beginning of 1941 wage rates have been permitted to rise a maximum of 15 per cent, while the cost of living has gone up $23\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. When Congress passed the law authorizing the control of wages in October, 1942, it specifically set the level of September 15 of that year as the level at which both wages and prices were to be stabilized. Yet the cost of living has risen an additional 5 per cent since then, and although some reduction has been achieved in the past seven months through the use of subsidies, the opposition of Congress to the roll-back makes it highly unlikely that the Administration will be able to live up to its stated promise to push the general price level back to the September 15, 1942, mark.

From a humanitarian or economic point of view, a strong case can be made out for a revision of the Little Steel formula which would permit wage rates to rise proportionately to living costs. This would, of course, largely satisfy labor and thus minimize the danger of further destructive strikes like those which threatened during Christmas week. But any such drastic tampering with the Little Steel formula at this time would be dynamite politically. In the eyes of most Congressmen—and of the public at large—the Little Steel formula is irretrievably linked with the entire stabilization program. If labor succeeds in breaking the formula, Congress would probably react by passing the ban on subsidies over a Presidential veto and yielding to farm and business pressure for increased prices all along the line. It need hardly be pointed out that labor would be one of the chief victims of any such collapse of the stabilization program. Once the cycle of inflation really got under way, there would be little possibility that wages would keep pace with the spiraling cost of living.

As long as there is a fighting chance of saving the subsidy program and preventing Congress from going all out for inflation, it is to labor's interest not to upset the apple cart by forcing a showdown on the Little Steel formula. That does not necessarily mean that the for-

mula cannot or should not be subject to adjustment to provide for *future* rises in the cost of living. At the moment living costs are less than they were seven or eight months ago. But if the Administration is beaten in its present efforts to hold the line in such matters as subsidies, farm prices, and the price of crude oil, there should be some automatic provision for adjusting wages to meet the resultant increase in living costs. Some such arrangement as the Canadian plan whereby wages could be automatically revised every three months in accordance with changes in the cost-of-living index would be far preferable to the present rigid prescription, which apparently can only be adjusted under pressure of a threatened strike.

A Dangerous Year

IT IS not often that we find ourselves agreeing with Herr Goebbels, but in characterizing 1944 as "a dangerous year" the Reich Propaganda Minister seems to us to have used *le mot juste*. Probably his domestic audience considered him guilty of understatement, and in any case it hardly needed to be reminded of the perilous situation of Germany. With Berlin "half in ruins" and air raids growing weightier month by month, with the Russians advancing inexorably in the east, with American men and materials piling up impressively in the west, the Germans know full well that they are no longer fighting in the hope of victory, whatever Goebbels may say, but only with the desperate desire of staving off total defeat.

But for the United Nations also 1944 is "a dangerous year," though in a rather different sense. Our danger is not military defeat but failure, through over-caution, through divided counsel, to grasp victory. In 1943 we passed from the defensive to the offensive but only on a limited scale. Now in 1944 we have to go all out: the men are trained, the weapons manufactured, the ammunition accumulated. And the day for the coordinated attack on the Nazi fortress which was promised at Teheran is approaching.

Where and at what hour new breaches will be made in the walls of that fortress we do not know. The appointment of General Eisenhower to lead an attack from "other points of the compass" and the transfer of some of his ablest American and British subordinates from the Mediterranean point clearly enough to an invasion in the west. But the fact that as outstanding an officer as General Sir Harold Alexander has been placed in command of Allied forces in Italy suggests that that front will not be allowed to become static. And the appointment of General Sir Henry Wilson, with his experience of the Balkans, as supreme commander in the Mediterranean may presage the creation of a new front, or rather

the reinforcement of a front where the Yugoslav Partisans have already driven a wedge into Hitler's lines.

It is in Britain, however, that the main invasion forces are being assembled, and the decisive battles outside Russia are likely to take place near the English Channel. The establishment of the first bridgeheads will be a gigantic and costly undertaking. Meticulous planning will be needed to gather the troops and their supplies at the embarkation ports and to collect the huge armada required to convoy them across. At this stage we must expect desperate efforts by the Luftwaffe to disorganize the expedition before it is well launched, for we can hardly hope that such a massive concentration of forces can be kept a secret from the enemy. This is the moment for which Göring has been hoarding his bombers. Yet we can feel confident that their challenge will be met, thanks to Allied superiority in the air, both by attacks on the German air bases and by defensive measures at the threatened points. With Air Marshal Leigh-Mallory, who had much to do with the defense of Britain during the blitz, in charge of the joint tactical air forces, the air protection of the Anglo-American expedition will be in good hands.

But the Luftwaffe is only the first obstacle to be overcome before firm bridgeheads are achieved. The Germans have had several years in which to fortify the coast of Western Europe and develop techniques of defensive warfare, and we can be sure that they will not be driven out by even the most devastating preliminary air and sea bombardments. Air cooperation will be of vital importance, but before our men can establish a firm foothold on the Continent there will be much bloody hand-to-hand fighting, and casualties are likely to be extremely heavy.

We should be doubly thankful, therefore, that the Red Army has been doing such a wonderful job in wearing down German strength. In a desperate attempt to retake Kiev, Hitler threw in an important part of his reserves. The Russians met this counter-offensive and crushed it with such heavy losses to the enemy that the German command is encountering increasing difficulty in bolstering the weak points in its lines. With strong Russian drives developing in at least three sectors, these weak spots are becoming dangerously numerous.

There is every reason to hope that the Russians will be able to keep driving forward during the winter months so that by the time the western invasion is launched Hitler will be scraping the bottom of his reserve barrel and forced to strip one front to support the other. Thus once a bridgehead on the Continent can be established and consolidated, the chances of an early collapse of Germany will be bright. The risks are great; the prospects of reward greater. But we cannot afford mistakes in timing. Among the greatest dangers for us in 1944 is delay in carrying out our military obligations.

What F. D. R. Forgot

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 30

ONE omission from the President's list of New Deal accomplishments seems to have escaped the attention of the press. This was the passage of the Wagner Act. The omission is symptomatic. With steel and railroad strikes threatening, the President may have thought it impolitic to boast of the part his Administration played in the organization of American labor and in guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining. I do not think the omission was accidental; if it was accidental, it was the kind of lapse of memory Freud explained for us. I am inclined to think it was deliberate, since the list of New Deal accomplishments and the Bunyanish parable about "Dr. New Deal" and "Dr. Win-the-War" were carefully prepared—though the President, like the artist that he is, gave them an air of improvisation.

Another accomplishment the President did not mention was the TVA, though he might easily have boasted of the great part it has played in war production. Perhaps the lambasting that Henry Wallace has taken for his reference to TVA's on the Danube helps to explain this omission. The President's list was prepared to evoke the shadow of the Hoover débâcle. "Dr. New Deal," the President said, had established a sound banking system, saved homes and farms from foreclosure, and rescued agriculture from disaster. These accomplishments, which led his list, represent a good middle-class reform program; minimum wages and maximum hours were put down near the bottom. Mr. Roosevelt wanted a list that was difficult to assail politically. That he succeeded is indicated by the *New York Times's* admission that "by and large it cannot be disputed that the 'New Deal' introduced into American life a very considerable number of reforms which were long overdue." Once this is admitted, Mr. Roosevelt's opponents can only quarrel with him over details, and that, in the midst of a world war, hardly makes for an effective campaign.

The *Wall Street Journal*, surveying the prospects for 1944, reported succinctly if lugubriously, "Statistics Favor a G. O. P. Victory but Democrats Still Have Roosevelt." The President is off to a brilliant start. His New Deal press conference, taken in connection with the conference of the preceding Tuesday, was as deft a piece of political footwork as anything in his career. He knows that the attention of electorates, like that of children, flags easily and needs new phrases and faces. "Win the

War" is new and is also the obvious slogan for 1944; F. D. R. has preempted it. The offhand way in which the change of slogans was announced was seized upon by the opposition as a confession of past error. The President, by defending an unassailable record and indicating—though very cautiously—that there may be more of the same after the war, has put himself in a position his opponents must envy. He can run in 1944 as a non-partisan Win-the-War President without losing his franchise as a New Dealer. It will take more than MacArthur's profile to beat that one.

The range of possibilities for a President is never a wide one; constitutional and political necessities impose narrow limits on the leadership he can exert. Mr. Roosevelt is now, as always, just a wee bit to left of center, a little ahead of majority opinion today as he was a little behind it in the greatest days of the New Deal. The New Deal has been a strange and changing thing since the beginning. Aside from this vague phrase, reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt's Square Deal, Wilson's New Freedom, and poker, Mr. Roosevelt's chief difference from Mr. Hoover in the 1932 campaign was on public power, and the first steps he took in office were as vigorously deflationary as anything Mr. Hoover might have suggested.

In the curious combination of elements behind Mr. Roosevelt were a section of big business which wanted relaxation of the anti-trust laws, farmers who wanted something like tariff protection for themselves, retail business men who understood the need for government spending. An older, more sophisticated, less vigorous capitalist class than ours might have used the NRA to move toward a form of corporate state, and would have understood the function of social demagoguery in making it palatable. They took Mr. Roosevelt's rhetoric more seriously than it deserved, and by the violence of their attack tended in some degree to translate more of it into reality than was intended.

The demagoguery of Section 7-a in the old NRA was taken seriously by the workers, and their organization both pushed Mr. Roosevelt toward the left and made most of his reforms politically possible. This is what makes his omission of the Wagner Act from the list of his accomplishments indicative. Like the guaranty of bank deposits, the Wagner Act was one of those reforms Mr. Roosevelt sponsored most unwillingly; I hope Senator Wagner will some day write his memoirs and tell the whole story. Yet without the wave of unionization

which forced passage of the Wagner Act and was in turn strengthened by it, Mr. Roosevelt's reelection in 1936 would hardly have been possible. The working class provided the firm base of the New Deal, gave it vitality and direction. The dissatisfaction of the middle class and of middle-class farmers provided the other essential element in the victorious coalition. When the fear of foreclosure passed, and fear of labor took its place after the Little Steel strike, the old coalition was broken, and with it passed the earlier vitality and idealism of the New Deal.

This is as good a time as any to take realistic stock of what the New Deal accomplished. In the field of social and economic reform Mr. Roosevelt enabled us to catch up with the England of Lloyd George and the Germany of Bismarck's Monarchical Socialism. Social insurance will not end the ups and downs of the business cycle, though it may moderate their impact. In the field of spending Mr. Roosevelt could never bring himself really to prime the pump vigorously enough for permanent revival. The 1938 "recession" indicated that his second term might have ended in another serious slump if the preparations for war had not provided a new method of spending palatable to the upper classes, which have profited so largely by it. This is not said to disparage Mr. Roosevelt or to deny the wisdom of his war preparations; his policies were determined by the stage of our national development, by public opinion, by international necessities. But it will help us to guide ourselves in the post-war period if we clearly recognize that in the last analysis it was only war that saved the second Roosevelt Administration and world capitalism from a new depression.

The New Deal approach isn't good enough to meet our post-war needs, and it is time that liberals began to think in fresh terms. No economy can go on forever paying men to rake leaves or build mausoleums, and I'm afraid the Rooseveltians would do little more than provide new WPA's in the post-war depression. Another depression is what we're headed for so long as the President leaves plans for reconversion to the big-business crowd. They are already thinking in terms of restoring a profitable scarcity and shutting down new capacity. Post-war New Deals, post-war stabilization measures must take steps from which Mr. Roosevelt has always held back, perhaps because he would have been forced back had he taken them. Only by vigorous government intervention to maintain a high level of output, only by the employment of the jobless in productive enterprise, only by boldly putting idle men at idle machines can reality be given to that new, glamorous, and socially explosive slogan of Full Employment. I am afraid that this is a goal only a new movement and a new leadership will be able to achieve, and then only after a period of reaction.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

WE ARE ENTERING A NEW YEAR fraught with enormous possibilities of good and evil for the people of the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that the very fate of our democratic institutions still hangs in the balance. Some of the great things that have been accomplished by the NRA under the New Deal . . . may not be permanent; many of them will be wiped out if the liberal Administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt is succeeded by a reactionary one . . . and yet somehow or other I feel that certain things have been accomplished that will be of lasting value, that ideas have been set afloat in the land which can never be returned to the source from which they came, or be wholly forgotten.—OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, *January 3, 1934.*

THE FIRST NATIONAL BIRTH-CONTROL conference ever held in Washington will open on January 15, under the auspices of Margaret Sanger's National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control. A number of topics relevant to the general subject of contraception will be discussed by eminent physicians, ministers, and experts in education and sociology.—*January 10, 1934.*

IN HIS SPEECH at the Woodrow Wilson dinner President Roosevelt paid eloquent tribute to the desire of the peoples of the world for peace. Governments make war, he said; peoples fight wars against their will. He asked for an agreement among nations to eliminate offensive weapons and a declaration that "no nation will permit any of its armed forces to cross its own borders into the territory of another nation."—*January 17, 1934.*

IN THE HITLER-DOLLFUSS FIGHT for supremacy in Austria, the Austrian Premier unquestionably scored a victory in the last engagement. The arrest of an attaché of the German embassy at a secret meeting of Austrian Nazis proves that Berlin is directing and paying for the movement to overthrow the Dollfuss government. Documents confiscated on this occasion show that the National Socialists are planning not only the overthrow of the present regime but an Austrian revolution.—*January 24, 1934.*

PERHAPS NOTHING SEEMS more out of fashion than a book that was read by everyone ten years ago; in one sense it seems more ancient than a Victorian novel and infinitely more outmoded than a hearty survivor from the eighteenth century. So much for such best sellers as "Black Oxen," which is now superseded by "The Good Earth" and "Anthony Adverse."—HORACE GREGORY, *January 31, 1934.*

THEATER CALENDAR FOR 1934: "Ah, Wilderness!"; "As Thousands Cheer"; "Champagne Sec"; "Her Master's Voice"; "Let 'em Eat Cake"; "Mary of Scotland"; "Men in White"; "Peace on Earth"; "She Loves Me Not"; "Sailor Beware"; "The Green Bay Tree"; "The Pursuit of Happiness"; "The School for Husbands"; "Tobacco Road."—*January 31, 1934.*

Moscow and Austria

BY ADOLF STURMTHAL

NOT having been admitted into the inner secrets of the Moscow conference, one finds it difficult to understand why one of the five statements of the three powers was especially addressed to Austria. The civil war in Yugoslavia between the forces of Tito and those of Mihailovich, the internal conflicts in Greece, the intricate problems of the French liberation movement failed to find mention in the Moscow decisions, but little Austria was singled out for what was in fact an appeal to revolt. Some commentators found the reason in impending military operations, which would soon bring Austria into the center of action; but it is hard to see how this could be done without the previous conquest of Greece or Yugoslavia, whose problems would thus have taken precedence over those of Austria. Another explanation was that the reestablishment of Austria's independence was one issue on which all parties at the conference agreed, while other problems were still subjects of negotiation. Possibly the statement on Austria was part of the settlement of the wider German issue, whose principles are said to have been established at Moscow. Publication of the plan for Germany itself is alleged to have been deferred for reasons of political strategy, whereas the Austrian part was ready for immediate release.

In any case, the three great powers are now committed to the reestablishment of an independent Austria at the end of the war. Although not clearly phrased, the statement seems to imply that Austria will be permanently separated from Germany, regardless of whether the Austrians want it that way or not. The Allies have thus reaffirmed the policy of Versailles with regard to the *Anschluss*. The reasons are probably the same now as then: German might would be increased by the addition of six million Austrians; the *Anschluss* would give to Germany an advantageous strategic position and make correspondingly difficult the position of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Italy; Austria's natural resources and its war industries, most of which have been established in the last few years, would increase the German war potential.

No one can know for certain whether a majority of the Austrian people, after Germany's defeat, would wish to remain incorporated in Greater Germany. But it is perhaps useful to recall that the German defeat in 1918 did not prevent 90 per cent of the Austrians from demanding the *Anschluss*. The reason was not only the desire for national unification—a democratic aim ever

since the revolution of 1848—but also the fact that no one could see a practicable alternative which would allow a progressive democratic development and reasonable living standards in Austria. Indeed, the *Anschluss* was part and parcel of democratic and progressive thinking up to Hitler's victory in 1933. Independence was the slogan of the reactionary and monarchist factions. For them an independent Austria was merely the first step toward the reconstitution of the old Hapsburg empire. Very few Austrians in 1918 sincerely believed that Austria, left permanently to its own devices, could offer decent living conditions to its six million inhabitants. The idea of an Austro-Bavarian federation, which has found feeble support in England and elsewhere, belongs to the general plan of a clerical-inspired conservative bloc separating the Soviet Union from Western Europe.

Whether nationalist emotions in Austria will have survived six or seven years of Nazi rule is an open question, but the economic problem of 1918 is bound to reemerge with a vengeance. It was a question then how Austrian industry could exist when it had a market of only six million instead of fifty million people. Now Austria's industrial development as fostered by Nazi Germany, is much greater than it ever was before. The triangle Linz-Vienna-Graz has become one of the big industrial centers of Europe. Using the natural resources of the Alpine provinces—iron ore, magnesium, and hydroelectric power—the industries of Upper and Lower Austria and Vienna, and the transportation facilities of the Danube and its plain, the Nazis have made it the greatest relatively bomb-proof (so far) industrial district in Greater Germany, equal if not superior to that of Upper Silesia. The destruction of the Ruhr by Allied bombing has increased the relative European significance of the Austrian triangle. In addition, Viennese trade, banking, and insurance have been immensely expanded by the Nazis, who have made them—of course under Berlin's control—the agents of the German war economy in the Danube Valley and the Balkans.

Much of this reorganization and expansion will no doubt collapse with Hitlerism, and would in any case have been discarded at the end of the war. A large part, however, could be converted for use in peace time. If Austria is cut off from the German market, poor as it will be after the defeat, and compelled again to fall back upon its small domestic outlet, a long-term depression is inevitable. And because of the present unparalleled expansion

of Austrian industry the decline is likely to be even more lasting and severe than that which after 1918 made the country the pauper of Central Europe and gradually undermined the newly established democratic system.

It will be just and natural for the Allies to refuse to recognize the legality of Hitler's annexation of Austria and reestablish Austria's freedom. But it will be neither fair nor good politics to let it go at that. It is true that against the background of Nazi tyranny the years before the brown wave engulfed the country and before the Dollfuss dictatorship will be remembered by many Austrians as a Golden Age. But it does not require too strenuous an exercise of memory to recall the prolonged mass unemployment, the misery and hopelessness, of the thirties, and few have forgotten that this economic and social crisis was Hitler's strongest ally, demoralizing the masses and arousing the fear of a social revolution. The Allies will deprive themselves of a powerful weapon of political warfare if they offer nothing better to Austria—and to the whole of Central Europe for that matter—than the prospect of a return to the very conditions which gave rise to Hitlerism.

I can see only two alternatives for post-war Austria: *Anschluss* with a democratic German regime or economic

cooperation with Southeastern Europe. Both solutions would meet tremendous difficulties. Both have as their starting-point the new security system which the Soviet Union is about to set up in Eastern Europe.

The mutual-assistance pact between Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia is apparently designed to create a Moscow-sponsored safety zone from the Baltic to the Aegean, drawing into its orbit Poland and most if not all of the Balkan nations. Such a development would tend to eliminate many of the arguments that can reasonably be advanced against the *Anschluss*. A strong Slav confederation backed by the Soviet army—after Germany's defeat the most powerful land army on earth—need not be afraid of the addition of six million Austrians to a disarmed Germany. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that in the past a large majority of the Austrian population was under the leadership of Social Democratic or Catholic parties, both essentially pacific and hostile to pan-Germanism. Included in Germany, these groups would increase internal resistance to the rebirth of German militarism. Indeed, they would form a rallying-point for the democratic forces of the greater Reich.

I wonder, however, whether the victors of this war will realize the peace potential of the *Anschluss*, and



BETWEEN HELL AND BLAZES

even if they do whether popular passion would permit them to carry it out. Nor am I certain that the Austrians themselves, after six years of Nazi occupation, will be able to make a neat distinction between oppression by Nazi Germany and absorption by a different German regime. Even if they were given the full right of self-determination, they might very well prefer to separate from the Reich, particularly if separation did not mean isolation.

Economic cooperation between Austria and Southeastern Europe might be the alternative. Such a plan runs into several difficulties. Southeastern Europe suffers from a surplus agricultural population, and a progressive industrialization seems to offer the only outlet for its people, as long as large-scale emigration remains impossible. If this area embarks upon an industrialization program, it will want to exclude foreign consumer goods as soon as it can produce them, but it will need large imports of capital goods. Indeed, so great will be the demand that wide opportunities will be opened not only for Austrian industry but for Czech and other industries as well. Without such outside help Southeastern Europe would be compelled to adopt the pattern of Soviet industrialization—a frightful reduction of already low living standards to obtain the necessary capital and a political system which allows such a violent cure.

Only if foreign capital goods are imported on long-term credit can Southeastern Europe gradually build up its own industries and then use its excess agricultural production for the amortization of its foreign debt. Unfortunately neither Austria nor Czechoslovakia will be able to sell capital goods against long-term credits. They will therefore need international assistance. To give it would be a wise investment for the United Nations, both politically and economically. Two of the basic weaknesses of Europe, the surplus agricultural population of Southeastern Europe and the over-industrialization of Austria and Czechoslovakia, could in this way be turned into assets for the reconstruction of the Continent.

Such an economic union between Austria and Southeastern Europe might, but need not, take the form of a federation. The Soviet Union has in the past looked askance at plans for a Danubian federation, fearing that they might mean a renewal of the old policy of forming a *cordon sanitaire*. This fear was again expressed in an article entitled *The Fate of Austria* appearing in the November issue of *War and the Working Classes*. The U. S. S. R. is categorically opposed to any federation which does not include the Soviet Union. And *Izvestia* at the same time insisted that any federation plans must be developed in the countries themselves, without pressure from outside, particularly from unrepresentative governments in exile. Central European liberals, on the other hand, have suspected, not always without reason,

that the federation idea was a first step toward reconstitution of the Hapsburg empire. The Russo-Czech pact has, I believe, eliminated many of the grounds for these fears. Backed by the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia is in a position to enter an absolute veto against all Hapsburg dreams in Central Europe, and it is obvious that close economic cooperation between Austria and Soviet-led Southeastern Europe will not be a combination of the sort Moscow opposes. Moreover, the pact will make it impossible for any anti-Soviet regime to be established in Austria itself. Indeed, Austria might well become the point at which Anglo-American and Soviet influence meet in cooperation. Anglo-American capital, making use of Viennese experience in dealing with the Balkan nations, could be funneled through Austria into Southeastern Europe for the benefit of all. There is no Austrian government in exile, and as far as I can see, none that would be representative can come into being until Austria is liberated. This, however, should not prevent friends of a strong and democratic Austria from laying now the foundations for a stable order in the heart of Europe.

Memorial to the Great Big Beautiful Self-Sacrificing Advertisers

BY SERGEANT FREDERICK EBRIGHT

Look, we don't give a hoot if Zippo-Fasteners have gone to war
(millions of us, by some strange coincidence, have done the same thing);
and it isn't likely to break our hearts if we can't buy one today
or tomorrow or whenever it was we were going to buy a Zippo, or whatever for—
we believe Life will somehow go on.

And it doesn't matter too terribly much to us in the front lines
if Old Cask whiskey is rationed: not to us for whom it has been
rationed so thinly that we haven't seen a label in eleven months.
Cease worrying us with your nobility: yours is no national disaster;
your apologies are beginning to wear thin.

*If your magazine is late—
If you can't reserve a lower berth—
If you can't purchase Durafilm—
If your long-distance call is held up—
So what! Cease the (advt.) threnody:
nobody's going to die because of this.*

War in itself is a vulgarity; it should not be an excuse for
advertisers
to parade their enormous sacrifice behind a thin screen of
bond pleas,
of shallow regrets, of four-color-process hypocrisy. We
can stand only so much
of a hard-luck story; then we begin to wonder about your
sincerity.
Isn't the government paying you for your product? Okay,
then—pipe down!
We're being paid too for our blood and our legs and our
eyes and our arms,
and we're not making a full-page song-and-dance about it.

The pattern is all too familiar: bright shells burst on the
page;
tanks rear and planes crash (the artist's conception of
war)
in the midst of well-ordered disaster. Not so much blood
and filth,

of course, as to offend good taste—oh, the immaculate
conception of war—
and then the sob-line about no cigarette lighters today, no
bath scales,
no aluminum lids for your poor, poor desolate cleansing
cream:
some day somebody will fracture an arm thus publicly
waving a flag.

The woman in Saginaw who reads the telegram of
regret
from the government, for her only son—
and the lad on the cruiser who's just seen his pal
blown to hell in a loud flash—
they too feel the impact of war, but they can't put
their grief
in a \$5,000 lithograph and ask you to cry with
them.
There is a dignity in silence.

Houses on the Belt

BY FRANCIS WESTBROOK, JR.

PREFABRICATION of houses will be the key to
the greatest building boom this country has ever
known. As the basis of a vast new industry, it will
not only fill an important social need but enable the
country to attain full employment after the war and a
new level of industrial activity. The prefabrication of
houses is no longer hypothetical. Much valuable experi-
ence has been gained in providing housing for war
workers, and several of the largest corporations in
America have definitely stated that after the peace they
will go in for mass production of low-cost homes.

Many ingredients of a housing boom are already
present. Some authorities estimate that to meet post-war
requirements 2,000,000 dwellings will have to be built
annually over a period of ten years. S. Morris Livingston,
construction expert of the Department of Commerce,
believes that, given full employment, the demand may
be so great by 1945 that for several years a billion
dollars' worth of construction will be needed.

Should an effective demand for anything like 2,000,-
000 houses a year develop, it is doubtful whether con-
ventional builders could meet the challenge. The chances
are that building costs would rise sharply and cut off a
proportionate amount of the demand. This has always
happened in the past, and in consequence there has
never been any great replacement of private homes. If
the greatest possible post-war building boom is to ma-

terialize, at least 4,000,000 non-farm homes with a
rental value of less than \$20 a month must be replaced.
And to these should be added another 2,000,000 farm
homes unfit for human needs.

To meet the challenge, past experience must be re-
versed. Building costs must be lowered, counter to the
mounting demand. This can best be achieved, in the
opinion of a growing number of architects and indus-
trialists, by the extensive prefabrication of houses. At
least fifty companies, some of them large organizations
such as the Kaiser interests, Glen Martin, the Goodyear
Tire and Rubber Company, and the American Radiator
Company, are planning to enter the field after the war.
A number of these have laid out assembly lines and
constructed units, confident that they can tap mass mar-
kets and bring low-cost houses to millions. A representa-
tive of the Goodyear Company told me that his firm
expected to develop a business comparable to that of
"some fair-sized automobile companies."

The chief argument in favor of prefabrication is that
it brings mass-production methods into full play in
house construction. The change is as revolutionary as
the shift from the small-town carriage shops of the
eighteenth century to the great automobile factories of
today. The reduction in costs will be immense. Houses
are built in sections at a factory and assembled on the
building site. Walls, roofs, and floors are made in easily

portable panels. Bathrooms, kitchens, heating systems, and rooms are prefabricated as units and made of standardized parts—just as are automobile engines, chassis, and bodies. Everything possible is done on the assembly line.

With houses as with other mass-produced merchandise, the lower the cost the more will be sold—provided the value is good. S. Morris Livingston has estimated that only one-third of the population, even with maximum employment, can pay more than \$5,000 for a home. Another third can pay between \$3,000 and \$5,000, while the bottom third must get a house for less than \$3,000. He also states that in the five years prior to the war more than half of the new houses cost more than \$5,000 and about 40 per cent cost between \$3,000 and \$5,000. Thus the poorest third of our population got very few new dwellings during this period. The lower two thirds will provide the great mass markets of the future.

War-time experience, coupled with the estimates of manufacturers and architects, indicates that many kinds of prefabricated houses can be supplied for between \$1,500 and \$3,000, exclusive of land. These prices would be for three- or four-room dwellings suitable for a family of four. They should enable all but the poorest of our people to have decent homes.

In addition to the potential demand, there are other factors which will stimulate prefabrication. Chief among them is the wide range of new building materials developed just before and during the war. Many of these lend themselves to prefabrication through their strength and lightness. Plywood, glued together with powerful plastics, has the strength of some metals and is far more versatile than raw wood. Laminated plastics, using textiles or paper as a base, likewise achieve strength and versatility; they have a bright future in the fabrication of interior fixtures and possibly of wall panels. Light metals such as aluminum and magnesium, of which great supplies will be available at low prices, will find a place in the new homes. Windows can be made of transparent plastics of the type used in the noses and gun turrets of bombing planes. One company has designed a model kitchen in which practically all fixtures and utensils are of glass. There also is a growing array of fabricated wall boards and roofing materials.

Competition among these materials should keep prices reasonably low. And the selection of specialized materials, each to be used only where it is best fitted, should result in better buildings. Some of the products, because they are different from anything used before, will permit desirable changes in design and construction. Unbreakable glass will make large windows more practical than heretofore. The great strength and low heat conductivity of other substances will make possible thinner, and therefore less expensive, walls.

Certain important groups are openly opposed to prefabrication, largely for selfish reasons. They object, for example, that all homes will look alike. This argument overlooks the obvious fact that the cheap craft-built houses in mill villages and the brick or brownstone houses of our city blocks also look very much alike. Yet these dwellings are normally sold and rented without difficulty—often for prices far above their real worth.

Not all prefabricated houses, however, will be identical. Each manufacturer will presumably offer several models, perhaps changing them every so often, and of any particular model a great number of variations will be possible. Exteriors will be individualized by the number and arrangement of the rooms, interiors by the coloring used and by household furnishings. In Kaiser's Vanport City in the state of Washington, where some 20,000 shipbuilders are housed in almost identical units, variety has been obtained by grouping and landscaping.

Another objection one hears is that prefabricated houses have an exotic appearance. But the weird shapes of some of them, ranging from igloos to sausages, are not inherent in the method of fabrication; rather, they are symptomatic of the revolution through which the building industry is passing. The advanced architects are attempting to break free of tradition, to reduce waste, to obtain a maximum of functionalism. They are working with new materials and concepts. It is not strange that in some cases what appears to be good engineering practice should lose contact with aesthetics. For example, Buckminster Fuller has designed a round metal unit that looks like a brooder house. Two of these units are placed side by side, with connecting door, to make a home for four people. It is easily manufactured and easily set up. Its interior comfort, the cheapness with which it can be heated or cooled, its strength and durability are no doubt sound arguments in its favor. None the less, to me at least, it is not an object of beauty. But prefabricated houses need not be so extreme. Many of the designs do not differ greatly from conventional small dwellings.

No strong case can be made, however, against a general change in the appearance of the homes of the future. The first automobiles were built to look like horseless carriages, but the engineers soon found that a radically different "carriage" was required for the efficient operation of a gasoline engine. The public easily became accustomed to modern automobile design. Similarly a revolutionary change in house design may find rapid acceptance. Just because the new houses are different does not mean that they have no aesthetic value.

With the technicalities of prefabrication well mastered, the major difficulty appears to be distribution. The most efficient means of transportation and merchandising must be devised. Perhaps delivery can be by huge trailer trucks, like those which today carry three or four automobiles. For long hauls railway flat cars may be used.

The merchandising will probably be handled by local dealers who will be a sort of cross between an automobile dealer and a building supply-and-construction company.

Many builders and contractors believe that they are the ones who will lose most from widespread prefabrication. Instead of opposing the change they would do well to investigate the possibilities of dealing in ready-made houses. As the salesmen of the new homes, they would have the work of erecting them and would be called on to make the repairs that will be needed inevitably. Most homes costing more than \$5,000 will continue to be more or less craft-built, though on all levels of construction there will be a sharp movement toward prefabrication of such units as bathrooms, kitchens, playrooms, and heating systems. Since houses costing more than \$5,000 have represented more than half of all construction in the recent past, the local contractor can expect to maintain a very substantial portion of his old business, to which he can add the new and probably lucrative occupation of dealing in prefabricated dwellings.

While the case for prefabrication is excellent, both economically and socially, several abuses are possible. The pre-war practice of the automobile manufacturers of changing models every year to induce people to buy new cars may be tried with houses. Bought on the installment plan, they will seem almost as cheap as cars. Each year new designs may be advertised, and home owners may be encouraged to buy a new house, or a new kitchen or bedroom or living-room, on "easy terms." It may even occur to the less scrupulous that sales can be stimulated by making houses that will last only a few years.

Such practices could doom prefabrication and any extended building boom. A person buying a house must be reasonably certain that it will last, if not for a lifetime, at least for a long span of years, say long enough to raise a family. And since a prefabricated house can easily be enlarged by the addition of new prefabricated rooms, there is no reason for abandoning the original unit. It should be strong and durable—the basis for future growth. Nothing could be socially more unsettling than to have the nation living in three- or four-year houses. Prefabrication would degenerate into a racket.

But if these pitfalls can be avoided, prefabrication will usher in a new era in housing. "Shanty towns" will be replaced with communities of attractive homes costing from \$1,500 up. If transportation keeps pace with the building revolution, slum clearance and decentralization will be vastly facilitated. Social planners have been working in this direction for years. Today important groups in industry realize that mass production of low-cost housing can provide a big "lift" to the post-war economy.

In the Wind

INVITED TO ATTEND a mass-meeting for Vice-President Wallace some months ago, Mayor Kelly of Chicago begged off in some embarrassment, explaining feebly that he would be at his summer home. On his return he discovered that without benefit of the party machine Wallace enthusiasts had filled Chicago Stadium to overflowing. Ever since, he has been offering city appointments to individuals who arranged the meeting.

HAMILTON FISH recently appeared before the executive board of the American Legion in a hopeful effort to have the board rescind the Legion's official condemnation of his conduct. Louis Johnson, former national commander, got wind of the appeal, and when Fish appeared he was confounded by the mass of material presented to show how he had extended the use of his franking privilege to subversive individuals. The board refused to rescind its condemnation.

NOTE OF HOPE: Marion Drew, astrology editor for the *New York Daily News*, offers her followers the following prediction: "During 1944 this smiling planet (Jupiter) will enter the sign of Virgo, and after the month of July there will be a change in the setup of these steady winners. Some new names will appear, such as Crown Prince Humbert of Italy, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Herr Hitler, Marshal Pétain, and Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. All these men have been having a hard time of it lately, because they have felt Uranus and Saturn primarily, but they will get a new lease upon recalcitrant people and personal affairs late in the summer, and will benefit thereby."

THE INTERIOR MINISTRY OF SOUTH AFRICA announced a ban on the July 5 issue of *Life*, showing pictures of the Detroit riots, three months after the magazine was received and distributed.

SCRAMBLED METAPHOR OF THE WEEK: If the victorious Allies, warns former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, try to put "a fence around Japan and let her stew in her own juice, they will be creating a festering sore." Or Suykuyaki.

FESTUNG EUROPA: A fight in a Vienna street car between Nazis and anti-Nazis assumed such proportions that traffic was halted in one section of the city and was not resumed until the following day. . . . At Narvik, Norway, four of the city's most enthusiastic young Nazis, including the son of the National Socialist mayor, were arrested recently for the theft of a large quantity of tobacco and cigarettes.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Who Will Rule France?

BY JULES MOCH

[Jules Moch, whose third article we publish below, recently arrived in Algiers to take his place in the French Consultative Assembly. Although partial comments concerning the subject with which Mr. Moch deals have appeared in the American press, this article is the first direct and authorized statement by a leading French politician who is playing an active part in the building of the new France.]

IN PREVIOUS articles I have described the birth and growth of the resistance movement in France, its present strength among all classes of the people, and the coordination of the various underground organizations that has been achieved. Within France they are united in the Central Council of Resistance, and at Algiers they are represented in the Consultative Assembly. All recognize General de Gaulle as their leader. I come now to the question of how France, with eighty-nine of its departments administered by a pseudo-government under the enemy's orders and with four, together with the empire, excepting Indo-China, under the Algiers committee, can reestablish a regular government and constitutional order after its liberation.

The French people realize with bitterness that their country today has an international standing lower than that of the least of the Allied governments, that the man who personifies its aspirations does not enjoy abroad the authority which he exercises in France, and that the man who symbolizes the enemy is still recognized as Chief of State by some neutral governments. But they hold resolutely to certain principles with which I think my foreign readers are in full agreement:

1. The defeat of the Axis is only a matter of time. Whether Nazism goes down under the blows of the Red Army or as the result of an Anglo-American invasion, whether its fall is brought about by a revolution at home, by a sudden collapse of German morale, or by a general uprising of all the oppressed peoples, one point is indisputable: Nazism will disappear; the Germans will evacuate France.

2. Nowhere will the Vichy regime last an hour after the departure of the last German. Corsica confirms this. The men of Vichy will be swept out or will give up their offices of their own accord. The mayors named by Pétain, his prefects, and his ministers will seek safety in flight or as in Corsica pretend to a change of heart which will deceive no one. Sooner or later all vestiges of the

enemy occupation and the "new order" will simultaneously disappear. No Frenchman questions that—not even the servants of Vichy.

3. France will of course be unable to get along without a government, but it could not, even temporarily, consent to a foreign military administration. In the battle areas and along the lines of communication the Allied Command must be allowed the widest powers—France recognized this in all the accords freely signed with its allies in 1914 and in 1939—but these powers will not extend to the administration of regions removed from the front, and certainly not to any control over the national government. No such control will be set up, first, because France is a sovereign state, secondly, because the Allied military authorities will dispose of neither the necessary effectives nor the necessary competence, and, finally, because such a course of action would do immeasurable harm to cordial relations between the allies and prevent the attainment of a just and lasting peace.

Local government will present no serious difficulties. In some places it will be reestablished as it existed before Vichy, in response to popular demand. In others the resistance forces will have already selected their men.

As for regional government, a de facto authority will have to administer each section as it is liberated. Both the enemies and the allies of France have been haunted by the fear that the Communists might seize power in Paris, the Socialists in Lille, non-political or Gaullist groups in a third city, and so on, while Pétain and Laval held fast at Vichy. Nothing like that will happen. The French are united; the unity achieved in the resistance movement is the proof. A single government will rule all France. And from the start it will receive such unanimous support as was never accorded to its predecessors. The rule of the victorious resistance will be uncontested.

The head of the central government can be none other than General de Gaulle. No other political or military leader enjoys the same prestige and authority. De Gaulle is not only necessary; he is the only possible choice.

Some may ask how I, a parliamentary republican, a Socialist who after the meticulous examination of his conscience permitted by prison life has renounced none of his former political convictions, can thus consent to raise one man to power. I can do so because I am thinking only of France. If De Gaulle was ever ambitious for personal power, the unanimous resolve of the French to

rebuild their country in freedom has shown him the futility of such aspirations. Moreover, he has stated his position unequivocally. He has said that he will restore the ballot to the French people and that they shall choose their own government. We can trust both De Gaulle and the people. The man will keep his promise; the country, if the need arises, will insist on it.

We must view the problem realistically. When liberation comes, France must have a government. It must have a French government. The only man capable of preserving the existing unity among the resistance forces is De Gaulle. In the beginning, therefore, he must shoulder the burden of governing France.

The government of liberated France, if it is to reflect the country's wishes, will consist of men of the resistance movements, men representing all the political parties within the resistance. The changes in the personnel of the National Committee of Liberation which took place early in November point in this direction.

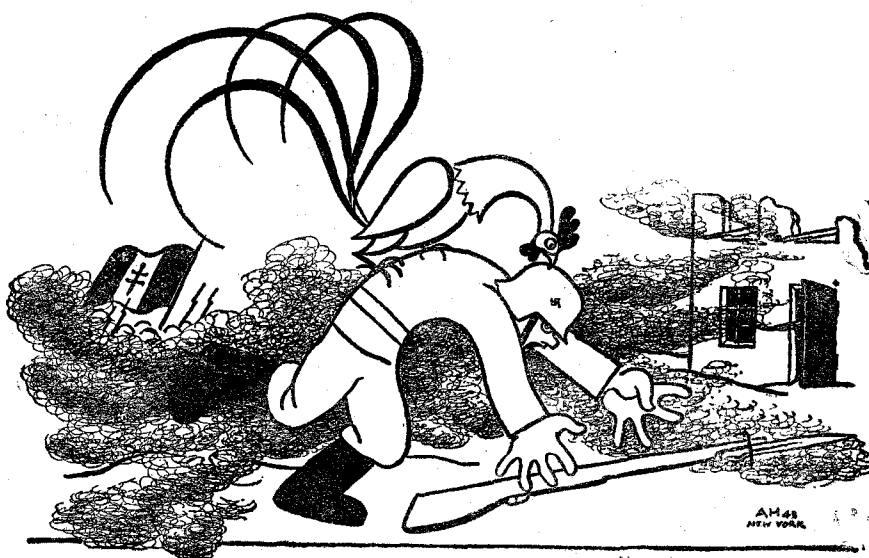
Like the Algiers committee this government will proclaim itself to be merely provisional. It will have no constitutional basis, and its task and its mandate will be essentially temporary. It would have a constitutional basis only if it were confirmed by the old Parliament or designated by a new constituent assembly. But any action taken by the Parliament of July, 1940, to lend its sanction to the new government would simply discredit that government in public opinion. With the exception of the eighty who opposed Pétain and a few others who joined the struggle against the invader later, the deputies and senators of the old Parliament disqualified themselves when they granted unlimited powers to the Marshal and in so doing struck down the republic which they were elected to defend. To save their skins they would probably vote for De Gaulle with enthusiasm, but public opinion would be so disgusted by the spectacle that no profit would accrue to the government. The Vichy assembly is forever dishonored. It would be worse than a mistake to resuscitate it.

Nor could the government be designated by a constituent assembly. A constituent assembly is chosen in general elections, and before any elections can be held there must be a central government to issue the call for them. Moreover, these elections could not in any case be held immediately. For the past three years France—and this is a fact its friends should not forget—has been divided into many parts and has suffered many kinds of martyrdom. The forbidden zone (Nord, Pas de Calais, etc.) has been attached to the military command in Belgium. Alsace

and Lorraine have been annexed to Germany, and their citizens have been incorporated directly into the German army. The coastal area and the industrial centers of the occupied zone have undergone frequent aerial bombing and have been partially evacuated. The zone left unoccupied by the armistice was overrun by the Germans in November, 1942, and some departments in the south were under Italian rule from November, 1942, to September, 1943. Two million prisoners and forced laborers have been held in Germany. Some three or four hundred thousand Jews have been subjected to inhuman brutalities. Three departments in Algeria were liberated from Vichy by the Anglo-American landing without having been occupied previously by the enemy. The department of Corsica was liberated in September, 1943, by French troops and native patriots after ten months of Italian-German occupation. Finally there have been the Free French of London, those of the Leclerc and Larminat Corps, and the personnel of the Free French naval and air forces.

Amid such confusion and ruin how could France possibly proceed to hold elections immediately after the liberation? How, for example, could the French prisoners be expected to vote intelligently after such a long period of isolation from French thought? But if the elections should not be called too early, neither can they be too long delayed without engendering other evils. The pre-election period should not be measured in days nor yet in years, but rather in months.

French sovereignty emanates from the nation; this is a fundamental principle of the Revolution. Any definitive and permanent French government must be set up by the people through the exercise of their right of universal suffrage. As we have seen, this right cannot be exercised until a certain period of time has elapsed, and therefore the first government of liberated France will be necessarily temporary and provisional.



France to the Attack

Drawing by Hoffmeister

However, a transition Cabinet will be obliged to make decisions whose effects will be felt far beyond the present. For many of the problems confronting it there will be no precedents in French history. In another article I will discuss these problems and the circumspection with which they must be approached.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

FOR more than a year the German regime made no prophecies about the war. In fact, it took great pains to avoid any definite promise of success in any specified operation. The unfortunate sequence to the announcement that Stalingrad was sure to fall—"you can depend on that"—was an effective deterrent. Of late, however, this hard-and-fast rule has been broken, and the Propaganda Ministry has been pouring out predictions about two coming military events.

One is the great Allied invasion. There is no attempt to deny that it is coming. On the contrary, Goebbels told the chiefs of the propaganda bureaus on December 14 that the Allies "have no other course than to make a desperate attempt at an invasion." But "we welcome it," he said, for "inevitably it will end, like Dunkirk and Dieppe, in a tremendous loss of life for them." The invading armies will be driven back into the sea; on this point the Goebbels propaganda has taken a firm stand.

The other definite prediction concerns Germany's secret weapon. Practically every day one of the top men of the regime finds some occasion to speak of the imminent use of this new weapon and to assert that it will mark the "turning-point of the air war." The government has pledged this so positively that a good observer like the Berlin correspondent of the Swiss *Bund* is of the opinion that the battle in which its promises are put to the test will have a decisive effect on morale. "The air offensive against England," he wrote on December 15, "will be the touchstone of German hopes. The people expect it to bring the cessation of British air attacks. If the prophesied 'turning-point' fails to materialize, the psychological effect will be devastating. The regime says continually, 'We are sure of the decisive effect of our new weapon.' So the German people await it with impatience, but also with anxiety. All their thoughts are concentrated on it."

The same correspondent gives a picture of the destruction in Berlin at the middle of December:

Areas as large as medium-sized towns have been reduced to dust and ashes by incendiaries and to a lesser extent by explosive bombs. The outer suburbs have been almost as badly hit as the center of the city. On some

principal streets three or four miles long not a single house is standing. Many houses have been burned to the ground. . . .

Any reconstruction work during the war is out of the question. For that reason there has not been much cleaning up in the most heavily bombed cities. The streets are cleared for traffic, but elsewhere piles of debris are allowed to remain.

The Berliners have shown remarkable composure. There is no hysteria. As soon as an alarm is over, people start covering their windows with cardboard, for it is very cold and it may be months before glass can be obtained. There is no use waiting for workmen to mend a roof. Members of the family must do what they can to cover the holes. Electricity and gas are still lacking in the hardest-hit sections. Telephones do not work, and hardly a trickle comes from the water pipes.

He concludes with a statement that is doubly interesting for its novelty. "Strangely enough," he says, "among most Berliners the determination to resist has become stronger." After the first raids there was a great deal of defeatism. People were ready to do anything to save the city and their belongings. But now that so much has been destroyed their reactions are different. "Everyone realizes that a defeated Germany could not rebuild the city or reimburse the property-owners for even 1 per cent of the damage. The middle class, like the great masses, would be reduced to pitiful poverty. People have decided, therefore, to keep quiet and give the regime its chance."

January 15 will be a black day for German children—and for the soldiers too. No more sweets of any kind will be manufactured after that date. For some months the supply of cocoa has been completely exhausted and no chocolate products have been made. Now sugar, which is plentiful in the Reich, will have to plug the hole made in the food supply by the failure of the potato crop. Human beings are to have their potato rations reduced 25 per cent, and pigs are to get sugar beets instead of potatoes. That means no sugar for candy.

In Leipzig at the beginning of December all barracks were surrounded one morning by the Gestapo and, after all means of communication with the outside world had been cut, thoroughly searched. This action, reported in the *Aftonbladet* of December 10, is so far as we know the first taken by the Gestapo, that is, the S. S., against an army unit. Not less interesting is the fact that the Gestapo found in the barracks a great quantity of leaflets calling on the soldiers to desert. "To save your life, join the National Peace Movement," one sentence ran. The appeal was signed by the "Committee for Peace and Liberty." No further details were obtained by the Swedish newspaper. Nothing could be learned about who had taken the leaflets into the barracks, how much effect they had had, or what else was discovered.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE HORROR SILENTLY WALKING . . .

BY F. C. WEISKOPF

ALTHOUGH the Nazis set up, immediately after seizing power, an elaborate system of censorship and control over the whole field of literature, fiction and poetry could never be coordinated to the same degree as journalism or education. A good many of the writers who for one reason or another remained in Germany and had to become members of the Reichsverband Deutscher Schriftsteller still managed to find a way to avoid following the line of the "new decalogue of literature," as Hanns Johst called the prescription of the Reichskulturkammer, the "spiritual Elite Guard of Adolf Hitler." This way of escape led into "timelessness": the new Germany of National Socialism was simply ignored in the works of these writers, who took refuge in the remote spheres of history, myth, dream, fairy tale, pure nature, idyllic peace-time life. Even this form of opposition was not without danger. The *Deutsche Rundschau*, a literary and political review which printed too many contributions of the timeless kind, had to cease publication. One of the few really gifted young authors, E. G. Winkler, "committed suicide." And Ernst Wiechert, another author of considerable talent, twice experienced the rigors of the concentration camp at Dachau. Still, the hunger of hundreds of thousands of readers for books which are not "full of the present and the reality of the Greater German Reich" is so great that the publishers continue to bring out many new "timeless" works, as well as an extraordinarily increased number of reprints of the classics and of translations.

The magazine *Das Deutsche Wort* said some time before the outbreak of the present war:

One can state that about ten new books have reached the 30,000, 40,000, and 60,000 mark. Where are the other five hundred books? What has happened to the publishing business? The reader notes five or six names of writers wandering helplessly in the labyrinth of literature; the others are condemned to obscurity. No wonder that those who languish in obscurity try to make up for a lack of quality by quantity in order to attract at least some notice. Already publishers have drawn their conclusions from this state of chaos and are ceasing to publish books by new authors or new books at all.

And in answer to the question "What are the writers of Greater Germany writing about?" the magazine makes the following confession:

They manufacture. We are aware that we are formulating a general reproach, even an accusation, in using this word—140 biographies and biographical novels, 350 novels (90 of them love stories). Must one retreat into the past in order to describe the present? Are we living under the Holy Inquisition, which forced the men of science and art to write allegories and to transfer the

movement of the earth around the sun to Mars? This is the century of the novel. But nowhere is the crisis of literature more evident to the reader than in the novel. Most novels are so feeble that they simply cannot be sold after Christmas. The big city as a literary theme is systematically neglected. Yet books about the big city are as necessary as books about peasant life. The vogue for "blood and soil" faded rapidly; only those authors are read who wrote good peasant novels before. . . . That is the reason we have so many novels which are not epic fiction but trash.

As the conflict dragged on, and as the newspapers began to hint at a new Thirty Years' War, the escape from reality in German fiction and poetry sometimes took a strange turn. Mysticism and apocalyptic visions made their appearance with increasing frequency, and there are clear symptoms that fear of the future is haunting the German heart.

Bruno Brehm, one of the earlier converts to Nazism and an ardent propagandist for Hitler in Austria and the Sudeten territory prior to their occupation, has written a series of stories about the "eternal German soldier." There we find this confession: "We are accused of loving death. But we love death only because we are seeds put into the earth for a great future. . . . But what if the sowing was in vain? Oh, never mind, never mind!" Here, fear is only hinted at. It is fully pictured in historical camouflage in a novel by Brehm's old friend Werner Bergengrün, "Am Himmel wie auf Erden" ("In Heaven as on Earth"). Dealing with a "world's-end panic" caused by a false astrological prediction in 1524, Bergengrün feasts on horror. For him fear is a sickness which cannot be avoided by denying it. It is a plague which threatens to destroy "everything, the state, the authority, the faith, heroism, loyalty . . . and nothing remains but the wish to escape the gurgling waters of the deluge."

Of particular significance is the last work of Ernst Jünger. This intelligent and fanciful writer, long before Hitler's ascent to power, had glorified war and destruction and cruelty. He preached, with all the refined methods of a gifted modern author, a sort of heroic nihilism. He was, together with Wiechert, the center of a group of nationalistic writers of some literary merit—Schauwecker, Ernst von Salomon, Gieselher Wiersing. They had been clamoring for the Third Reich as Möller Van Bruck had visualized it, but they dropped out of the ranks of the Nazi literary army soon after the Third Reich of Adolf Hitler had been established. One after the other became silent or turned to timelessness. "What do we know?" laments Salomon, "We know nothing. We only know that we are to be thrown into the mêlée, that this is our fate, and we are ready to fulfil it." Ernst Jünger seems not to be as ready to fulfil this fate as Salomon. In his last

novel, "Auf den Marmorklippen" ("On the Marble Cliffs") he sums up in an allegorical and mystical guise his idea of the failure of Nazism. It is the story of two friends, former officers, living in a sort of voluntary exile after a "victoriously lost war," and becoming involved in a new war, a gigantic upheaval brought about by the diabolic machinations of a dictator whose real strength is not so great but who is helped by the fear he is able to instil. Jünger describes with a certain relish the orgies of fear organized by the dictator in order to prepare the way for aggression. At the end the two friends have to leave for a new, and this time real, exile, taking with them the newly acquired wisdom that it is the "word before whose flashing stroke the power of tyrants pales; three in one are Word, Freedom, and Spirit." The publisher took pains to admonish the novel's readers not to see in it an allegorical picture of the present and not to draw cheap comparisons. Still we can hardly understand how such a book was published in the Reich of Hitler and Goebbels unless we assume that the censorship looked upon it as a sort of safety-valve. That the book met a real demand seems proved by the fact that it went through several large printings in spite of its rather complicated style and dark theme.

The fears creeping into the heart of the "armored nation"—to use the phrase of Baldur von Schirach—are reflected even more directly in poetry than in prose fiction. There are sometimes confessions of an astounding courage or naivete:

*Und unser Wort,
So lang gewöhnt zu lügen,
Es taugt nicht mehr
Zum heiligen Gesang*

And our word,
So long attuned to lying,
Is no more fit
For holy songs

These verses of Josef Leitgeb are matched by the poetry of Herbert Sailer, a member of the Hitler Youth. This young poet, who had been acclaimed by the Nazis as a new literary star, lately turned away from war songs full of fluttering flags and triumphant bugles and began to express feelings of loneliness and mourning:

*Das Haus ist leer, das Bett verwaist
Verwaist sind Tisch und Bank.
Die Blumen, die im Fenster stehn,
Sind alle blind und krank.
Das Haus ist stumm. Die Nacht geht um,
Und ist von lautem Gang.
Es ist ein armer, bitterer Trost,
Dass mir dies Wort gelang.*

The house is empty, the bed is deserted,
Deserted are table and bench.
The flowers standing at the window
Are all blind and sick.
The house is mute. The night is on
And has a loud step.
It is a poor and bitter consolation
That I succeeded in writing this.

It is indeed a poor and bitter comfort for a German poet inside Germany in the fifth year of Hitler's war. And it is a comfort which cannot last long, for the fear, the great fear, comes creeping from the front.

*Es winken ringsum Hügel
Mit einem Kreuzchen drauf . . .*

There are hills around
With little crosses on top . . .

This line from one of the most popular new soldiers' songs is significant. In the diaries found on the bodies of dead soldiers of the annihilated Stalingrad army there were verses like these:

*Kein Ende schimmert namenloser Qual
Und Winter ist, wo Hoffen einmal war*

No end shines out to nameless misery,
And only winter is where once hope was.

And there is also the outcry of an unknown admirer and disciple of that splendid poet Hölderlin, who has enchanted so many generations of German youth:

*Wir verstanden den Tod nicht,
Dennoch wie Salz und Brot,
Wie Schnee am Dezembertag,
War sein Name um uns,
Und die Trauer gewöhnlich,
Wie Schlaf uns und Hunger,
Wie Angst im Zwielficht gewöhnlich war.*

We did not understand death.
Nevertheless, its name was around us
Like salt and bread,
Like snow on a December day.
And the mourning was usual
As sleep and hunger became usual to us,
As fear in the twilight.

But it is not the unknown soldier alone who is seized by the fear. Gerhard Schumann, a Nazi writer whose work has been honored several times by the Ministry of Propaganda, a member of the Storm Troops and an army lieutenant, begins a poem called "Ein Mann allein" ("A Man Alone") as follows:

*In Frankreich sangen wir Lieder.
In Russland wurden wir stumm.
Vor uns schritt schweigend das Grauen.
Manchmal sah es sich um.*

In France we were singing songs.
In Russia we fell silent.
Before us silently the horror was walking.
Sometimes it looked back at us.

The horror silently walking in front of them will look back at ever-shortening intervals until one day it will face about.

Romanticism of Jacques Barzun

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN EGO. By Jacques Barzun. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN EGO" consists of eight lively essays on the nature, reputation, and value of romanticism in the modern world. Mr. Barzun begins by complaining that the term "romantic" is used in too many different and incompatible senses and by rejecting previous definitions of the word. Historical romanticism, he says, was an attempt to solve the problems of the dissolving eighteenth century. The barriers of classical correctness were

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down, and broader human horizons were revealed. No longer confined to a prescribed nobility or a prescribed melancholy, man became freshly aware of the range of joy and sorrow, strength and weakness, good and evil. Hence the energy and robustness of the romantics, their moral enthusiasm, their belief in the potentialities of original genius.

At first, says Mr. Barzun, romanticism strove after a new synthesis of experience, but later it was simplified, falsified, reduced to a single term by some schools of thought: for instance, by the realists, who stood for "force without principle, matter without mind, mechanism without life"; and by the moderns, whose exclusiveness, preciousness, and yearning for the aristocracy of past ages is romantic in the vulgar—that is, the partial—sense. Romanticism subsided into simplification. Mr. Barzun points to two stages: (A) romanticism proper (1780-1850); (B) partial romanticism, which he subdivides as (1) realism (1850-1885), (2) symbolism and (the opposite simplification) naturalism (1875-1905). (B) is a revolt against (A), though a revolt of son against father; in the same way (B2) is a revolt against (B1). What has happened since 1905? In this book, though not elsewhere, Mr. Barzun stresses the vices and deficiencies of modernism: the "affectation of toughness" of Pound, the "rather uncertain whistling" of Cummings, the "collegiate inventiveness" of Eliot, above all a morbid growth in self-consciousness or *mauvaise honte*. The small productivity of a Valéry is attributed less to perfectionism than to spiritual anemia. There has been nothing new. All modern movements have been refinements upon symbolism or upon naturalism—refinements, that is, upon refinements.

Mr. Barzun has reopened the discussion of romanticism and put it on a broader basis. Some will see the prime merit of his book as a destructive one. In pointing to the confusion of most considerations of romanticism, Mr. Barzun, it is to be hoped, has removed many half-baked notions and ill-considered preconceptions. He has also openly and reasonably challenged many views which have customarily been defended or attacked only by the tricks and snobbish gestures of modern critical method. But to me the positive element is greater than the negative. Mr. Barzun's contributions to recent discussion have all tended to one great revaluation—the revaluation of the nineteenth century. He has gone about his task in two ways: first by taking the cue from recent biographers and emphasizing the scope and intelligence of romantic endeavors; next by trying, in the light of modern scholarship, to see the nineteenth century as a whole. Drooping Ariels and ineffectual angels are forgotten. Mr. Barzun's nineteenth century is a rich and varied one which could not possibly be reduced to a formula. He interweaves the strands of national traditions, of politics, the plastic arts, music, and literature with remarkable skill.

The book has of course its limitations. One is brevity. Overcompression forces Mr. Barzun to mention too many names. There are also many challenging statements left entirely unelaborated—such as that "Faust" is the Bible of romanticism, "Madame Bovary" the Bible of realism. A further disadvantage of Mr. Barzun's synoptic method is that it practically rules out analysis of single works or even single authors, and interpretation comes to seem sketchy or superficial even when it is not so. A more serious limitation is

Mr. Barzun's anti-classicism. Despite many provisos and modifiers, the book gives the impression that romanticism is right and classicism wrong. Why is this? Perhaps Mr. Barzun's dislike of present-day classicism leads him astray, or, more probably, it is his genuine talent for polemics that drives him to present as argument what might be better as analysis. The following is typical in tone: "... Romanticism declined to be deceived by the sleight-of-hand with which classicism pretends that the truth has been found and can be handed to each shareholder in its limited-liability company. Classicism forgets that. . . ." Mr. Barzun weakens his case by so openly taking sides. The futility of Irving Babbitt's book arose from its so obviously saying, "The romantics' philosophy was different from mine. Therefore I repudiate them." Nowhere does Mr. Barzun actually *maintain* this kind of thesis, but in many places he seems, by nuance, joke, or epigram, to assume it.

It could of course be said that the philosophy which Mr. Barzun defends—that of William James—is not dogmatic like Babbitt's but rather a complete rejection of the dogmatic method. Yet lack of dogma can itself become a dogma, and sometimes Mr. Barzun is close to pronouncing a doom on all who are not followers of James. Like the dogmatist too, he grows lyrical over the prospects for his own cause: "For, the next time or the next, men will find the strength to throw away their ideal props and to stand up in the open, forsaking safety like those practical romanticists who, against all reason, though served by reason, forsook the earth and learned how solid was the sky." I happen very cordially to share these hopes of Mr. Barzun's. It is harder to share his faith.

Finally, though I think Mr. Barzun's description of early romanticism accurate, his definitions serviceable, and his judgments suggestive, I am not satisfied with his treatment of the period 1850 to the present. His emphasis on the earlier period prompts the highly dubious conclusion that the romantic revolt was not only a greater innovation in the cultural tradition than the work of the later years but also richer in achievement. The latter part of the century has, it seems to me, been very much underrated by cultural historians, who usually accommodate it with some such word as decadent and pass on. But Mr. Barzun, as one knows from other writings, is aware of the extraordinary vitality of that age. In literature alone what period in modern history can offer more than Nietzsche, Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Strindberg, Ibsen, and Shaw? Yet Ibsen, Strindberg, and Tolstoi are mentioned only once apiece in a book that reinterprets nineteenth-century culture. The fact is not necessarily decisive in itself, but it does suggest that Mr. Barzun has not taken us as far in the study of the modern ego as he takes us in the study of romanticism. It was not, perhaps, his aim to do so; but one hopes that soon it will be his aim and the aim of other historical critics.

A century of criticism and scholarship has gone into the elaboration of the idea of romanticism; though the diversity of the discussion has confused many, it should not be imagined that the history of culture can be evaluated without discussion. The years to come will see the investigation of the idea of modernity, which includes the lesser idea of modernism. The investigators may go back as far as Giordano

Bruno; they will have to go back to the romantics; but these are ancestors and forerunners. The real point of departure is the second half of the nineteenth century, the extraordinary generation of men which I have mentioned. It may even be, though it is as yet impossible to judge, that what is for Mr. Barzun the third stage of romanticism—namely, the age of symbolism and naturalism—will seem to later generations a more radical departure and a more productive venture than the revolt of Wordsworth and Hugo. If so, interestingly enough, in the van of this greatest cultural revolution of modern times will be—William James.

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

Official—but Not Dull

TARGET: GERMANY. The Army Air Forces' Official Story of the VIII Bomber Command's First Year Over Europe. Simon and Schuster in Cooperation with *Life*. Paper, \$1; Cloth, \$2.

THE war books divide themselves into three classes on the basis of origin: (1) those written—or ghost-written—by combatants; (2) those written by newspaper observers, which are semi-official in the sense that the manuscripts are subject to direct or indirect censorship approval; and (3) the official books published with government sponsorship whose authors are not permitted to sign their names lest the impersonal authority of the government be tainted. The last-named class of books originated in this war when the British Air Ministry was shrewd enough to assign Hilary St. George Saunders to write an air-warfare series which turned out to be immensely popular both because of the information which the books contained and because of the subsidized inexpensiveness of the finished product. The official book has one great advantage over either the semi-official newspaperman's book or the personalized combatant's book: the anonymous author has access to governmental records and therefore is able to see the picture more nearly complete. On the other hand, the official book usually has two large disadvantages, both deriving from the presence of gold-braided editors breathing down the writer's neck. First, it is apt to be written in the dull but authentic manner of a White Paper; and, second, it must advocate the point of view of the military group currently in the ascendancy—otherwise its author would be transferred to the R. O. T. C. in New Mexico.

"Target: Germany" is America's first effort at an official book written for the best-seller market. The government was shrewd enough to take Simon and Schuster and Lifetimeman Luce into partnership. The book deserves to be a best seller. It completely upsets the tradition that government-blessed publications must be as dull as White Papers. It is not dull; on the contrary, it is the most absorbing aviation book that has come out of the war so far, including those written by reporters, by ghost-writers, and by fliers themselves. No other book, no news dispatch, has given the reader so vivid a feeling of riding an American bomber out of England into enemy territory.

The delicate question does arise, however, as to whether

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official history can be presented objectively while the guns are still firing. From a strategical point of view the work of the United States Army Eighth Air Force based in England has not yet emerged from controversial status. The Royal Air Force has been making enormous, spectacular night raids that blanket whole cities. The U. S. A. A. F. has been going out on a few clear days each month to do pin-point jobs.

A pin-point job is one in which the superior American bombsight enables the fliers, theoretically at least, to destroy a particular German factory making a particular war gadget. The question is whether the Nazi factory actually was destroyed beyond repair, and the full answer cannot come until after the war. The question was raised by the British. They asked: Wouldn't it be better if American fliers were retrained for night bombing, and the planes adapted, so they could do blanket raiding by night when enemy fighters are least effective?

"Target: Germany" replies that American planes with their pin-point attacks are doing a complementary day job at least comparable in effectiveness to the R. A. F. wholesale night jobs. Facts are skilfully marshaled to make the reply convincing. Probably the thesis is correct. Nevertheless, the book is a very able presentation of one side—but only one side—of a debate, and should be read in that light. Some day a government may conceivably sponsor a book which bites right into an argument and boldly presents both sides.

The book has a chapter which is derisive of armchair strategists at home, presumably meaning the so-called military experts who earnestly try to explain the war to newspaper, magazine, and radio audiences. No doubt these far-away military critics do lay themselves open to ridicule at times. One reason is that the army, the navy, and the air force are so chary about sharing the facts. The armed services probably wish they could abolish back-seat drivers and do away with civilian opinion. They have pretty well learned that this is impossible; and in presenting a book such as "Target: Germany" they have taken a long and entertaining step toward supplying facts needed for intelligent opinion. The authors of an official book, however, have a heavy responsibility to be careful that it seeks merely to inform, not to mold, public opinion.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

A Working Democracy

NEW ZEALAND. By Walter Nash. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.50.

AFTER his arrival in Washington in January, 1942, as New Zealand's Minister, it took Walter Nash but a short time to gain a solid reputation as a liberal spokesman. He poured out a stream of articles and speeches, all forthright, all liberal in tone, all reflecting, to those familiar with New Zealand, the particular "line" New Zealand Labor has developed in recent years and applied as the government of the country since 1935. So publicity-wise did Mr. Nash prove himself that the American public could be forgiven for concluding that Walter Nash was New Zealand and New Zealand Walter Nash.

This book helps confirm that impression. Of its 313 pages, 33 are given over to a sketch of Mr. Nash's career by Eric

Estorick and 120 to his personal essays on war and post-war problems. Of the remainder 39 are devoted to sketches of New Zealand's history and present condition and 117 to an analysis of New Zealand at war from Mr. Nash's pen and consequently in large part a statement of his views on the subject. The book is therefore not so much a presentation of New Zealand as of Mr. Nash and *his* New Zealand.

I say all this not to scoff, for I have the friendliest feelings both for Mr. Nash and New Zealand, but to give the reader a clear idea what the book contains. No one who has ever sat with Mr. Nash in his office in Wellington and listened to him talk about the policies he was charged with administering can ever thereafter doubt that he has been close to the heart of New Zealand's Labor government, or that the man at the heart was anything other than a master administrator. Mr. Nash's lucid spoken analysis of the problems and the Labor solutions of them, so many of which he sponsored, has its written counterpart in this book. It is, above all, a masterpiece of reasoned and reasonable exposition. But when I went away from the Parliament buildings and called upon the major sources of opposition to Labor in Wellington, Auckland, and elsewhere, or read their blasts in pamphlets and newspapers, I found a hatred of Labor and Mr. Nash which in virulence far surpassed anything I had observed against the New Deal at home. What I find in this book is, therefore, Mr. Nash as he appears in his office and, presumably, to his Labor associates. What I do not find is the Mr. Nash the opposition sees and execrates. Not that I admire the opposition—far from it—but if a rounded portrait of Mr. Nash and of New Zealand is wanted, the opposition should be represented. Within its limits, the book is first-rate, but what lies outside the limits is also necessary to an understanding of New Zealand.

What Mr. Nash says is, in drastic summary, this: New Zealand is a small country dependent for its well-being upon the world market prices of dairy products, meat, and wool. The downswings of these prices have caused intense suffering. Traditionally New Zealanders have believed that the state can and should take action to correct economic difficulties and injustices. The Labor Party has utilized this widespread conviction to try to realize (a) security for owner-producers by guaranteed prices and state responsibility for marketing, (b) planned diversification of production, especially through expansion of manufacturing, and (c) an elaborate social-security system with benefits for all. To reach these objectives Labor had, before the war, elaborated a system of economic and financial controls which, when war broke out, served admirably to facilitate an intensive war effort which has won New Zealand honor at home and abroad. After the war New Zealand will resume its campaign for security and will hope that all other nations will move in a similar direction. "New Zealand today," the book says, "offers a practical example of the kind of social organization—the kind of laws and institutions—that may well become typical of most democracies tomorrow." There is indeed reason so to believe, but I would like to call attention to the fact that it was while contemplating life from a post at the University of Otago that Allan G. B. Fisher evolved the disturbing thesis expounded in "The Clash of Progress and Security."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Fiction in Review

GONTRAN DE PONCINS'S "Home Is the Hunter" (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50), although perhaps not so direct in its romantic appeal as "Kabloona," the same writer's account of his journey among the Esquimos, is still one of the notable books of recent years, shining out of the mist of most contemporary writing with the full light of M. de Poncins's remarkable personality. To read the books of M. de Poncins is to be unusually aware of the author as an individual; he seems at once very worldly and a very internal person, monastically intense in spirit. One has the impression of an intelligence peculiarly of the French aristocratic tradition; and indeed "Home Is the Hunter" is a reconstruction—or a commemoration, if you will—of the almost feudal background against which, we can guess, M. de Poncins was himself bred. It is published as fiction, but it is not strictly a novel. Rather, it is both elegiac poetry and penetrating sociological research into a culture which was already vanishing glory when the author was a small child before the last war.

M. de Poncins's fictional device is to tell the story of Jean Ménadiéu, for forty years a servant of the d'Ombres family, who in his old age returns for a few days to the d'Ombres estate. Moving from room to room in the old château, pausing over all the objects which hold his affections and his memory, Jean recreates the history of the d'Ombres family and his own life in his long years of service; through the old man's eyes we see the movement from past to present as a movement from a world thick with meaning to a thin and barren modernity. There was a time when both masters and servants accepted their responsibilities, when, for a servant like Jean, there was a religious dignity in service and, for his masters, no greater satisfaction than in the fulfilment of their duty to their tenants and to the estate itself. But now, even in rural France, that time has passed; the old values have disappeared, and modernity has supplied no adequate new values. Once a broken pot, a bit of string, an old brick, anything that belonged to the château, was something to be permanently cherished because, having once been useful, it was always beautiful. The easy prodigality of the present generation sums up for Jean, and for M. de Poncins, the meaninglessness of modern living. And, in another day, a servant could feel that he too had a beauty in his life because he was useful. If, to contemporary readers, Jean seems too good to be true, that only proves M. de Poncins's point, that in our present-day society a devotion like Jean's has become unrecognizable. And if it has also become undesirable—if, steeped in the egalitarianism of democracy, we are offended by the excess of humility with which Jean devotes himself to his masters in order to achieve his sense of purpose—then we can guess that M. de Poncins would ask us what democracy, shorn even of religion, has offered Jean in substitution for humility and service.

I am very sorry, but I am not surprised, that "Home Is the Hunter" has been dismissed as a statement of political reaction. Certainly, issuing in a poignant assertion of values which have disappeared from modern life, it can too easily be read as an anti-democratic document, and this despite the

fact that M. de Poncins's complex and subtle intelligence has perfectly comprehended the emotional price that his old society often paid for its virtues. But it seems to me that democracy makes a bad mistake to shut itself off so quickly from criticism like M. de Poncins's by giving it an unpleasant political label. Culture no less than nature abhors a vacuum, and democratic culture, while it is so jealous to guard against encroachments from the right—calling them mystical or religious on the one hand and degrading to the individual on the other—is surely insufficiently aware of the mysticism and degradation of the individual which invade it from the left. For example, in the same week in which I read "Home Is the Hunter" I read Ben Field's "The Outside Leaf" (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50), a novel about Connecticut tobacco farming, as easily marked as of the cultural left as M. de Poncins's book is marked as of the right: it would be hard to find a stronger argument in support of M. de Poncins's indictment of modern culture than Mr. Field's book.

"The Outside Leaf" is the story of a young man, Moe Miller, who at the age of twenty takes over the running of his father's tobacco farm. More interested in the Talmud and in people than in success, the father has failed, but Moe cares nothing about the Talmud or people, about family affection, nature, or anything except his work (his devotion is more extreme than Jean's devotion to the d'Ombres family). Moe believes religiously in tractors, farm implements, and sweat—of which an inordinate amount drips



RACIAL conflicts are founded on tensions which are fed by rumor. In this remarkable book are tracked down and analyzed over 2000 inflammatory rumors prevalent in the South during the past two years—from the relatively harmless "Eleanor Club" stories to invitations to violence of the kind typified by: "The Negroes have bought up all the ice-picks in town and are just waiting for the next blackout." **RACE AND RUMORS OF RACE** holds a mirror up to certain American communities with disquieting results, for the pattern of the rumors shows clearly how deep the cancer lies and how great the task of education and adjustment that lies ahead.

Just published, \$2.00

CHAPEL HILL

The University of North Carolina Press

through the pages of this book; indeed, sweat is Mr. Field's prime test of reality, from which any sign of inner or outer grace would be a seduction. I can recall no novel I have ever read with so repellent a hero as Moe Miller, and yet that Mr. Field thinks of Moe as heroic, and not as a dangerous monomaniac, is proved, against our most fervent hopes, at the end of the book when the young man wins a very nice wife as reward for his subhumanity.

There are certain things to be said in praise of Mr. Field's book: it is written with an effective sparseness; it takes as much trouble with its secondary characters as with Moe; and it is as informative as an encyclopedia article on the process of raising tobacco. These are negligible virtues, however, when we take into account its horribleness as an exposition of what the progressive novelist thinks meaningful in life. "The Outside Leaf" is certainly more in tune with the times than "Home Is the Hunter"; it will never be attacked as reactionary. But in effect what it is saying is that the less man tempts the spirit and the closer he approximates the mindless force of the machine, the more he asserts or

helps create the values desirable in a democratic society; and against so frightening a threat from the left we could do far worse than reexamine the values which M. de Poncins finds in an outmoded social tradition. It seems to me to be simple and wrong to assume that in order to preserve certain old values, we must necessarily move backward in political and economic organization. Such narrow reasoning is itself reaction, and none the less dangerous because it characterizes so much of present-day liberal thinking. DIANA TRILLING

Film Notes

A GUY NAMED JOE is just a title. The story is about a ghost named Pete (Spencer Tracy) who, solid and cheerful as ever—except that the living cast cannot see or hear him—gets busy like the other dead aces, showing neophytes how to fly, fight, and make love. His star pupil (Van Johnson) becomes interested in Pete's former sweetheart (Irene Dunne), who is still inconsolable, and Pete's hardest job is to divorce her from the remembrance of the easygoing, slick-paper love scenes she played with Spencer Tracy. It is, as you can see, a story about war-time love and death, a theme lacking neither in dignity nor in appositeness. Like "Happy Land" it neatly obtunds death's sting as ordinary people suffer it by not only assuming but photographing a good, busy, hearty hereafter. I am of course in no position to offer contrary proof, and can indeed imagine the general idea not only as believable but as dramatically amenable to very good use. But I don't care to see it so blandly used, as unqualified aspirin, before an audience of which the majority, I fear, believes everything it sees on a screen, nor can I respect the dramatic uses to which the idea has been put here. Miss Dunne feels nothing like real love or anxiety over Pete while he is alive, and only a nominal, ornamental, plot-extending grief after he dies. Pete and the audience are also spared what might have happened if she had really got either frozen or tender with Mr. Johnson, while Pete looked on. So, when she matures in her bereavement, every genuine bereavement and maturing which the film by implication claims to reflect and preach to is cruelly exploited and insulted for the sake of what is, at best, an otherwise harmless and medium-silly romance. If you are so generous as to overlook these minor faults, however, the picture will serve as well as two hours spent over the *Woman's Home Companion*. Spencer Tracy is better than the show deserves, and Victor Fleming's direction is of itself, as usual, likable enough.

"Riding High" is a musical show featuring Western landscapes in Technicolor, Victor Moore as a swindler, a blood-curdling sucker-delighter named Cass Daly, some loud, cheerful, uninteresting tunes, and Dorothy Lamour. Miss Lamour wears one costume which must be seen to be believed, and which hopefully suggests to me that the gentlemen or ladies of the Hays office either refused to believe their eyes, did not see at all, or modestly take care never, when a lightly-dressed woman appears, to look below the wishbone.

Erratum: The title of "Destination Tokyo," reviewed last week, was incorrectly given as "Destiny, Tokyo."

JAMES AGE

Thomas A. Amlie's Nation Supplement—

LOST: One Trillion Dollars

is one of the most constructive and stirring things I have encountered in a long time. It is a real challenge to the American people. Both you and Amlie deserve unstinted commendation for your enterprise in making this fine piece of work available to your readers. It should be sent to every Congressman, and, more important, it should be read by every labor official in the country, for there are still far too many of us in the labor movement whose economics follow the line of the National Association of Manufacturers.

AL SESSIONS, News Editor
Olympic Press
Oakland, California

Copies of this 32-page supplement, "Employment After the War," are still available for ten cents apiece. Special rates for bulk orders of 100 copies or more will be furnished on request by

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MUSIC

LISTENING to several performances broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House—listening, then, with ear undistracted by eye—I have been struck, first of all, by the badness of much of the singing. Pinza's singing in "Boris Godunov" was almost unvaryingly loud, coarse-textured, and insensitively inflected; Thorborg's was shrill, and in "Tristan und Isolde" a week later her voice had a terrific tremolo, except in the warning from the tower where it was steady and opulent. In "Tristan" Traubel's voice too was clouded by tremolo much of the time and was ear-piercing in some of the high notes, but was clear and beautiful and beautifully inflected in the finale. As for the male voices in this performance, Melchior's started with some remnants of timbre which it lost as it went on, leaving a mere hoarse shout in the last act; Jansen's was wholly without the beauty it once had; and only Cordon's had a richness of sound that made one willing for once to endure the boredom of King Marke's lament. Warren's abuse of his fine voice with the bellowing he did in "Rigoletto" was an old story; but Kullman's forcing and his indulgence in other practices of Italian tenors were—after the beautiful singing and musical taste of a few years ago—a shock. New in Pons's voice was a tremolo in the lower register; the upper register had its old crystalline clarity and beauty, but with its old sagging pitch: in *Caro nome*, after hitting one high E exactly right, she missed a second one and kept pulling herself up to it and slipping off.

The general impression conveyed by the performance of "Boris" was one of shabbiness, slackness, confusion. To get an impression of the "Tristan" conducted by Beecham it was necessary to hear both orchestra and voices; but the performance was broadcast in a way that caused the orchestra to disappear when the singing began. The broadcasting of "Rigoletto" was better, and enabled me to appreciate the firm, coherent, powerful outlines which Soderro's conducting gave to the work.

Poor balance of voices and orchestra was not the only technical defect of the "Tristan" broadcast: the sound was clouded by distortion of a kind which also spoiled a couple of Toscanini broadcasts. "Boris" a week earlier and "Rigoletto" a week later were free of this distortion; but they suffered from

normal defects of presentation. In the Metropolitan Opera House itself the performance is given for people who are assumed to be there because they are interested in the performance; but the American broadcasting mind finds it inconceivable that anyone will listen to a broadcast of music out of interest in the music, and can believe only that the New York Philharmonic-Symphony must be baited with Carl Van Doren and his "American Scriptures," the N. B. C. Symphony under Toscanini with a talk on scientific research by Mr. Kettering of General Motors, the Boston Symphony with an unctuous sermon by Clifton Fadiman, and that the way to hold radio listeners for "Tristan" or "Rigoletto" is to fill the intermissions with the vulgarity which, in its various forms, is the special American contribution to broadcasting.

My explosions, in conversation, over this intermission vulgarity, over the shoddy stuff that is broadcast about the music itself, over the trash that is published in books, over some of the critical performances in newspapers, led someone to suggest that I adopt, toward all these, Jack Dempsey's attitude toward Gene Tunney's Shakespeare-reading. Asked what he had to say about Tunney's various highbrow activities, Dempsey is reported to have made one of the great statements of all time: "If that's his racket it's okay with me." Dempsey was indifferent to behavior which didn't affect him or anything important to him; I can't be indifferent to record reviews which make difficulties for me; and I am angered by writing about music and performance and the entire musical scene which doesn't hurt me but does hurt things that matter to me.

"People have pointed out evidences of personal feeling in my notices," wrote Bernard Shaw in 1890, "as if they were accusing me of a misdemeanor, not knowing that a criticism written without personal feeling is not worth reading. It is the capacity for making good or bad art a personal matter that makes a man a critic. . . . When people do less than their best, and do that at once badly and self-complacently, I hate them, loathe them, detest them, long to tear them limb from limb and strew them in gobbets about the stage or platform. . . . In the same way, really fine artists inspire me with the warmest personal regard. . . . That is the way I feel, not only about music but about everything that affects

music, including criticism which affects people's understanding of music and their attitude toward it. The critic whose own understanding increases the understanding of his audience, I have "the warmest personal regard" for; the one who misleads his audience with his own ignorance or misconceptions or confusions, I "hate . . . loathe . . . detest. . . ." Most of what is written and talked about music *is* a racket; but it isn't okay with me.

It was a pleasure to hear Copland's music for "Billy the Kid" with the beautiful sound that it had when played by the Philadelphia Orchestra; but some of this music—hard, sharp, astringent—acquired Mae Westian curving outlines from Ormandy's prettifying *diminuendos* and *ritardandos*. I continue to regret that Copland, in putting together the concert suite, omitted the music of the *pas de deux*, and that he did not omit instead the dance of celebration over Billy's capture, which is the poorest music of the work. B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

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Letters to the Editors

National Feeling on the Clyde

Dear Sirs: When Freda Kirchwey visited the Clyde—of which she wrote in your issue of October 23, just arrived—she seems not to have noticed one thing. Perhaps it is something of which she, like most good liberals, rather disapproves of, and therefore does not see. This is national feeling.

She is right in saying that the Clyde workers are all out to win the war. But maybe we aren't such fools as we look; we want to get something out of the war and the war promises. Scotland is a small nation which has had a tough deal for a couple of hundred years. It wants a chance now. Nobody hates England; but we feel the English don't always understand; they haven't even noticed there's anything wrong with us up north. But, before the war, Scottish industry was in a far worse state than English; we have been temporarily rescued by armaments in one form and another. But a great deal of our "floor space" has been used for storage instead of production, and every month Scottish skilled and unskilled labor is being drafted down into England. Some people say that labor is more docile away from home and old associations and organizations.

This is resented, and resented in a nationalistic way. The Scottish Nationalist Party is small; very likely Freda Kirchwey never met a member, nor yet a member of the non-party organization Scottish Convention. But these two bodies—and there are others, as well as purely cultural organizations like An Commun—only represent the consciousness of a vast, half-conscious stirring and worrying. Probably the same kind of thing is happening all over Europe. Yet where you sympathize with the Balkans—or the Irish—you are only surprised at us Scots. But we represent the thing in a more intelligent form and at a stage where a solution is possible and practicable without violence or even bad feeling. Most of us nationalists who belong to small nations believe in federation of one kind or another; you won't catch us thinking in terms of sovereign states. But we think that some things are most appropriately organized in the family unit, others in the factory, village, or street unit, others by counties or boroughs, some in land blocs

or in nothing less than a world, but a good many in units of the small nation.

Will you remember this about us? A Highland fisherman, wearing his kilt—his best clothes—was bitterly offended by an American soldier in a Glasgow tea shop who asked him to get up and let him look. I tried to explain that the American didn't mean any harm, that it was really a kind of compliment. But the Highlander knew only too well that this newcomer had never for a moment taken Scotland or the symbols of Scotland—remember, my fisherman's great-grandfathers had been forbidden, on pain of transportation, to wear the kilt—in any way seriously. President Wilson spoke of self-determination of nations; it meant very little then because it was taken as being compatible with the survival of large empires and bodies which were too big to be nations but which yet could arm and tear one another to pieces. It might be real now.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Campbeltown, Argyll, Scotland

December 2

The Iron Age

Dear Sirs: Do you pay much attention to the industrial press, of which the *Iron Age* is the perfect flower? No one can complain of the job that most of them do in their handling of technical and industrial news, because their readers get a lot more than they pay for directly. But the editors of some of them have invaded the vast realms of politics and economics with rather painful impact upon reasonable people, if not upon the stuffed shirts whose prejudices and misinformation they apparently deem it their duty to develop and protect.

They appear latterly to have assumed the function of stirring up the s. s. to drastic—and physical—action, as witness the editorial that appeared in the December 9, 1943, issue of the *Iron Age*.

Any normally analytical mind has reason to question the facts upon which this screed is based. They are quite too pat to be accepted without proof. We are to believe that the ingenuous editor, having dropped in on an official of a war "matériel" (that word!) plant, presumably for a cozy spot of tea and a bit of comradely chitchat, is shocked be-

yond measure by a succession of interruptions, over a period of two hours, by Harry, Bill, and two anonymous lay figures. Only two are anonymous, but the four are unanimous in announcing, with unearthly aplomb, the shutting down of their respective departments by "quickie" strikes. Soon thereafter, probably during the same day, the Mahatma converses with one of MacArthur's furloughed heroes who also is steeped in wisdom and patriotism. This man of Mars, surely as authentic as those of Orson Welles, on hearing of the dastardly doings, offers to educate (or execute) the 20,000 malcontents, in cooperation with twenty warlike buddies, presumably through the medium of machine-guns, bazookas, flame-throwers, and hand grenades.

An occasional critical analysis of one of these childish outbursts would not only afford amusement and instruction to your readers, but also would probably have a salutary effect on the effervescent editors themselves, for I am inclined to think that they are most sensitive, next to the pocket nerve, in their self-esteem.

J. I. CAPPS

Chicago Heights, Ill., December 20

Now Is the Time

Dear Sirs: Is it not now the time to object strenuously to anti-Semitism, race prejudice, and all fascist ideas wherever they arise?

E. P. Dutton has recently published a murder mystery, "Death and Bitters" by Kit Christian, a trivial story but read by who knows how many people. The leading police officer, a good man, not the comic cop, in interviewing a certain McGregor hints that he conceals an awful thing. What is this fearful secret? He, a most obnoxious individual, is a Jew. To be sure he has been pretending to be otherwise, but the hero and heroine of the book then and later can insult him no more than calling him "Mr. Levine." And the final scene of the novel has the hero and heroine, in vaudeville manner, giving Levine a kick.

Is this small stuff? I think not. I think when E. P. Dutton publishes a book containing this sort of anti-Semitism it is helping to support a truly fearsome thing.

I wrote a letter to E. P. Dutton, though I didn't like doing it, and de-

cent-minded folk everywhere should protest—to publishers, radio stations, motion-picture studios—whenever this type of thing crops up.

R. S. STEWART

Berkeley, Cal., November 8

Letter from Sicily

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* will be glad, I hope, to take cognizance of a letter sent to me by an Italian American who is serving with our armed forces in Sicily. To spare him headaches I do not give the name of my correspondent. I will only state that he was wholly unknown to me before I received his letter.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Cambridge, Mass., December 6

The August 7 issue of *The Nation* carried your article entitled Freezing Fascism In. In it you placed your finger on precisely the chief point the islanders raised during the months our unit fought through the invasion and the months immediately following it. I don't know that any of the observations I make are either new or interesting to you: perhaps what impels me to write is your concern and your expressed wish that the Allies help lay skilfully and firmly in place those cornerstones of policy that will result in building a fine democratic government in Italy, as elsewhere. As a soldier, I could deeply appreciate also your concern for helping to win and preserve the peace in this first occupied territory the Allies have wrested from the Axis.

Since I'm an American soldier of Sicilian extraction I had many opportunities to talk to the islanders during our stay there. We were bivouacked near a town, and since we were there for quite some time, there was a chance to meet and know some of the townspeople to the point where they talked out of their hearts and minds. In their talks these people argued in somewhat this vein: "You say that you came to get rid of Fascism. And in the pamphlets dropped over our towns by Allied planes, you asked us to rise up and oppose the Fascists. We were glad when invasion came, and we did nothing to oppose you; we even helped when it was possible, and soon the island was yours. But you left practically everybody connected with Fascism in power and in office. In our town not a single Fascist was relieved of office. Some of the men now sitting in the Town Hall have sent to prison those who dared to express their disapproval of the Fascist

government openly, and refused jobs and caused suffering to the families of those who did not fully cooperate with the Black Shirts. You say one thing, and do another. What are we to believe? We like the Americans. And we like the American officer in charge of our town. He is kind and courteous and approachable. Best of all, he is honest. When he says something, he means it. But the real power is still with the office-holders, and the landowners who are their friends. Few of us dare to speak up with such a combination in power."

As an educator, you can appreciate the desire of the people of this island for reforms. The grown-ups I've talked with have had little schooling—most of them not more than three years—but they have common sense. They realize the need for reforms in labor standards, in wages, housing, opportunities in work other than farmwork, and education. They want for their children something more than a fifteen-hour working day at back-breaking labor that still leaves them in debt at the end of the year. They are ripe for change, and they are eager for change. They also look to us for leadership to start them on the long road to democracy. I won't say that the prevailing note of the people I've talked with is skeptical or cynical, but these people were still waiting for some constructive plan and for responsible leadership when our unit left.

Should you find that the discussion has been general in reference to regions and places and people, it is done in order to conform with army censorship regulations, sir.

Somewhere in Sicily, November 16

The Great Problem

Dear Sirs: No matter whether educated and uneducated persons agree or disagree with the book "Liberal Education" by Mark Van Doren, there is one thing we ought all to agree on—namely, that at least the author has dealt with the most vital subject of our time, which is definitely to his credit. If more such able writers would do likewise it is quite probable that the masses would thereby be released from their bondage in time.

The masterly review of the book in *The Nation* of December 11 by George S. Counts points out the serious defect in our elective system of education. At the same time Professor Counts nails the fallacy that the substitution of "great books" would be a cure-all for the defect. This would, at best, lead to but a cleaner flood of words. But words

it would be and nothing more. Consequently the futile struggle between the learned and the so-called ignorant masses would go on. We mean in respect to what constitutes moral education, not education in the arts and technology.

How to get on solid moral ground by means of moral education (there is no other way)—that is the great problem which must be solved before humanity will be able to live rationally together. In the meanwhile all talk of human liberty is either demagoguery or wishful thinking.

We regret that in his review of the book Mr. Counts confined his remarks to the disease without a few plain words of direction as to the cure. His closing paragraph to this end is too scholarly for the common people to understand. However, he makes it clear that no right system of moral and ethical education is yet in sight. It is, therefore, not a question of opinion but of fact that the cause of humanity's misbehavior lies in its moral and ethical mis-education.

So the question is: Why do not the forward-looking men and women of our land join themselves together for the purpose of curing this evil? Except for winning the war this is the most urgent need of our time; as otherwise the people will not win the peace—will win only another war. To say there is no cure for this evil proves only mental bankruptcy.

ALBERT JOHNSON

Los Angeles, Cal., December 20

O Little Towns . . .

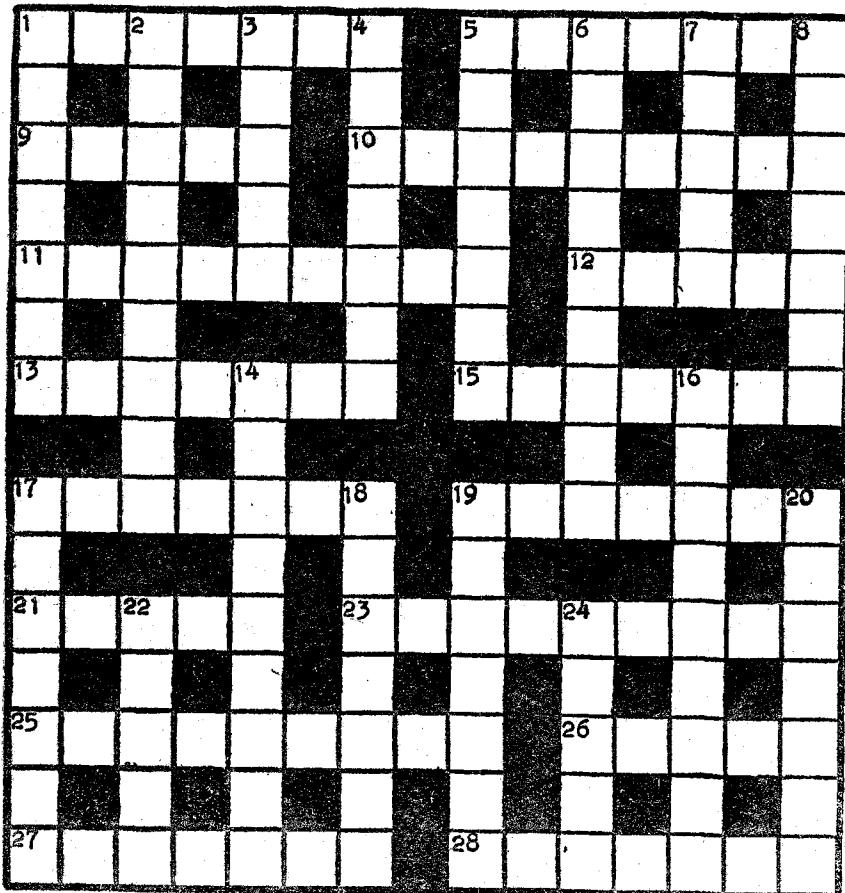
Dear Sirs: We should have more descriptions of the workings of the virus of anti-Semitism in particular instances, like that of Litchfield, Connecticut, by Willson Whitman in her article, O Little Town . . . (Restricted) in your issue of December 25. They are preferable to the general accounts and reports that anti-Semitism is rife. Too many people know Litchfield, Connecticut, as they and others will know other such towns described, not to feel the sting of the truth that no place, not even their own

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JUST LISTEN TO THIS RECORD

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 46

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 One who is dissatisfied with his state
- 5 Causing friction is hardly in his line
- 9 Panes (anag.)
- 10 His works are plays
- 11 Most mares produce these animals
- 12 You'll get no rag from this instrument
- 13 He swam the Hellespont twice nightly
- 15 A bit of harness
- 17 Goes bad in foreign wine-shops
- 19 From what we know of certain meetings, he's not likely to be put out
- 21 The last word, and I'm it after fifty
- 23 This complaint is not due to the depredations of a certain agile insect
- 25 Shocking stories—no wonder you get a queer feeling in the middle of them!
- 26 Strange sound of an American lake
- 27 Si's rest is disturbed
- 28 The workman starts an incomplete definition

DOWN

- 1 Net used in fowling and fishing
- 2 "&"
- 3 Dance of Argentine origin, with Parisian developments
- 4 The common stag (two words, 3 and 4)
- 5 We require them to look at the fair creatures when they have lost their heads

- 6 Tore a bale (anag.)

- 7 It would have helped Goliath had he been wounded in the arm
- 8 Train with metallic interior
- 14 Fingered flower
- 16 In the case of these, inflation is the only remedy (two words, 4 and 5)
- 17 Turn the head of this head of a bed to adapt it for a nipper
- 18 Army undercover men
- 19 I sail S. E. for a country in Central Europe
- 20 Perceive
- 22 These nests are not concrete
- 24 "Oh, - - - - with temper whose unclouded ray Can make tomorrow cheerful as today!" (Pope)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 45

ACROSS:—1 BARITONE; 5 SLIVER; 10 HUMDRUM; 11 ORATORY; 12 ALAS; 13 ROVER; 16 TELL; 17 TEDIOUS; 19 HEROD; 20 SKATES; 22 RESTATE; 23 IDIOCY; 25 LITHE; 27 HEARTEN; 31 ZOLA; 32 DRYAD; 33 ASIA; 36 AUSTRIA; 37 NEWGATE; 38 HEDGES; 39 PROGRESS.

DOWN:—1 BEHEAD; 2 RAMPAGE; 3 TERM; 4 NIMROD; 6 LEAR; 7 VIOLENT; 8 ROYALIST; 9 RODEO; 13 RED-EYED; 14 VICTORY; 15 RUSTLED; 17 TORCH; 18 SKEIN; 21 SITZ BATH; 24 ILL-USED; 26 HOSTAGE; 28 ARRAY; 29 TANNER; 30 CAMELS; 34 TRUE; 35 TWIG.

community and themselves, is free of anti-Semitic feeling. It is easier to pass off a general account with, "Not us, not Connecticut, not Maine, not New England—at least not nearly as bad as this!" Litchfield is too much the prototype, in fact or desire, of the New England town for more of us not to get the point.

Although I write from Maine, I was, till last year, pastor of the Kent, Connecticut, church, which is not far from Litchfield. Miss Whitman might have included all of Litchfield County. Although all the communities have not been as successful as Litchfield it is not because they haven't tried. Of one of the mentioned successful towns, Sharon, Miss Whitman might be happy to know that she would have had a more satisfying reception and interview by the ministers there, as well as in several of the other communities of the county.

With the hope that Christmas may truly come again.

LEON A. DICKINSON, JR.

Wilton, Maine, December 26

P. S. Wilton, Maine, a small industrial town, has only one Jew, a German refugee, who is the town doctor. He has replaced two doctors called into the army. He surprised most of the town: "He is not very different from us and fits in rather well, and is a very good doctor." His position is similar to that of the lawyer in Litchfield.

L. A. D.

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